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JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHETKY

"To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day, for perhaps forty years, has rendered familiar,—this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent."

—S. T. COLERIDGE.

Ninety Years of Work and Play

SKETCHES

FROM THE

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CAREER

OF

JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHETKY

LATE MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY
TO HER MAJESTY

BY

HIS DAUGHTER

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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TO THOSE OF HIS

"OLD BOYS"

WHO STILL CHERISH REMINISCENCES

OF MARLOW, PORTSMOUTH, OR ADDISCOMBE

These Memorials of my Father

ARE DEDICATED

PREFACE.

THE following pages have been written in consequence of the expressed desire of many friends to possess some connected history of the life of one to whom they were warmly attached. These will not be impatient of the small details, often so characteristic, which are interwoven with the more eventful portions of his career; and to those who read the book for the sake merely of its connection with matters of more general interest, I can but offer as explanation the private nature of its origin.

On the other hand, it is probable that I have omitted to make mention of some persons and incidents that would have proved interesting

to all, but with which I am naturally unacquainted, owing to my father's having left no continuous record of his long life.

I am well aware that in the eyes of many I may have laid myself open to the charge of undue partiality in dealing with my subject, but against this I am not careful to defend myself; and will only say that I have written not as a critic but as a daughter, and have given the portrait as it is mirrored in my memory. My desire has been to let my father and his contemporaries speak for themselves as much as possible, which is the reason I have introduced so many letters.

How difficult and yet how dear my task has been, those who knew the original will understand; and I can only ask all to think leniently of the imperfections of which I am myself but too conscious.

My warmest thanks are due to those who have kindly allowed me the free use of letters, or have otherwise aided me in my task; and in a special degree to Dr Douglas Maclagan of Edinburgh, whose sympathy and advice have

been ever ready, and who, during the scanty intervals of leisure in an over-busy life, has yet found time to undertake for me the actual work of revision.

S. F. L. S.

RAPALLO, *February* 1877.

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SKETCHES

FROM THE

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CAREER

OF

JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHETKY.

INTRODUCTION.

On the 14th February 1773—when Edinburgh still reckoned the Cowgate an aristocratic locality, and "Peter Ramsay's Inn" in St Mary's Wynd as no mean rival to "The White Horse" in the Canongate—two strangers rode into the old city by the southern road, and drew bridle at the door of Ramsay's hostelry. The afternoon was dark and raw, and there was nothing very inviting in the ill-lighted streets and high gloomy-looking houses first seen under the damp chilly influences of an easterly *haar;* so,

perhaps, it was not wonderful that the elder traveller turned to his companion with manifest disgust, and a hasty proposition to seek some more congenial shelter. But the other was less impatient: "Let us at any rate see what the place is like within, Christoff," said he. And after some hesitation Christoff dismounted and strode into the inn, calling for dinner and some good wine. The prompt and satisfactory response to his demands soon restored his equanimity; and, dinner over, he asked mine host whether any musical entertainment was to be had in the good town of Edinburgh?

"Eh, sirs!" was the reply; "have ye no heard tell o' the gran' concerts in the new 'Saint Cecilia Ha'"*, in Niddry's Wynd, that are keepit up by a' the lairds an' leddies an' naebody else?"

"Ha!" with a glance at his companion; "and when will there be one of these concerts?"

"Ou, there's just ane the nicht; but ye'll no get ad*mee*sion wi'out ye ken some o' the gran' folk."

"Why, Karl, we are in luck! Let us go and hear what they call music in Scotland."

* "Built in 1762 from a design of Sir Robert Mylne, after the model of the great opera theatre of Parma."—Chambers's Traditions of Edinburgh.

A little later a grand altercation was going on at the door of the famous Concert Hall in the Cowgate—our travellers insisting on finding an entrance, the doorkeeper as stoutly refusing them admittance; and at last turning in despair to one of his comrades and bidding him "gae ca' Maister Reinagle, and gar him step ben an' get speech o' thae gentles, for they canna comprehen' gude Scotch, I'm thinkin'!"

A few words with Mr Reinagle, a member of the orchestra, altered the aspect of affairs. "What! Herr Christoff Schetky, my countryman, whom we have been expecting! Welcome to our Concert Hall." And the strangers were led up the room,—crowded on either side with the flower of the Scotch aristocracy,—and well placed to hear the remainder of the concert.

"Karl," said the elder presently, "this is very fine; we do not do better than this in Darmstadt."

Meanwhile a rumour had found its way round the room, and one was saying to another, "Do you see those two foreigners sitting there? One of them is the great violoncellist from Hesse Darmstadt who has been expected here. I wonder if he will play to-night!" And the

wonderings presently shaped themselves into a request from both audience and orchestra that Herr Schetky would permit them to enjoy one of the violoncello solos whose fame had reached them from many quarters. The request was at once complied with—the younger brother, Karl, whose love and admiration for Christoff had led him to leave their Fatherland in order to follow his fortunes, listening well-pleased to the applause lavished upon his brother; and the Herren Schetky returned to their rooms in St Mary's Wynd under promise to visit ere long some of the best families in Edinburgh, and well satisfied with the result of the engagement made by the elder during a previous stay in London, to undertake the post of first violoncellist at the then celebrated Saint Cecilia concerts.

Such was my grandfather's introduction to the city which thenceforth became his home, and where his name and that of his sons John Christian and John Alexander Schetky are still remembered and honoured. But, in order to make my introductory chapter complete, it will be necessary for me to go back still further, and to give a sketch of the causes which led our family from Hungary to Scotland.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century there existed, about two leagues from Hermanstadt, in Transylvania, the Castle Teschky;* whose possessors, the Barons Von Teschky, came of an old Hungarian family represented at the time of which we first have record by one brother and sister, both unmarried. Persecution, either religious or political, obliged the Baron, who was a Protestant, first to conceal himself in a subterranean chamber which he had accidentally discovered under his laboratory (for, after the custom of many of the upper classes of that day, he was wont to pass his leisure hours in the study of chemistry—perhaps alchemy), and finally to escape for his life to Leipzig, whither he had previously transferred as much as possible of his money and other valuables to the safe custody of his banker, Herr Beringer, by whom he was himself received and honourably entertained. Shortly afterwards he heard that his castle had been seized—his sister (who had insisted on remaining there) thrown into prison, where she died—his estates confiscated; and all hope of a return to his home being thus destroyed, Baron Wences-

* This is probably the German form of the Hungarian name *Tesky* or *Cesky*.

las von Teschky dropped his title, transposed the letters of his name, and as *Herr Schetky* entered into partnership with his banker, whose daughter he afterwards married, and settled at Leipzig. He had a son and a daughter, the former of whom (another Wenceslas) was the ancestor, some five generations back, of my grandfather, John George Christoff Schetky, whose father, Louis Schetky, was secretary to the reigning Landgraf of Hesse Darmstadt, but in a more comprehensive sense than we should connect with that position. Amongst his duties were the fitting out and keeping in pay a certain number of troops for the home service, and the provisioning of the household and dependencies; and being highly educated, and an accomplished musician, he also led the Court concerts.

Wealth, however, did not abound with him, and the best he could do for his large family was to give them a liberal education, and thus enable his sons to maintain themselves in the law, the army, the medical and musical professions. My grandfather, the eldest of the family, was intended for the first of these, and educated at the University of Jena; but his distaste for legal studies was equalled by his

devotion to music, in which he excelled; and he at length obtained permission to follow the bent of his inclinations. He soon became celebrated as a composer and violoncellist, and while holding a good appointment at the Court of Hesse travelled for two years through Italy and France, obtaining much notice at the Courts of the different sovereigns. On his way back he paid his respects to Stanislaus, the dethroned King of Poland, who was then residing at Luneville, and who expressed his satisfaction with his musical attainments by presenting to him a gold snuff-box containing twelve louis d'or, and desiring him to go to Plombières to seek an audience of the two younger daughters of Louis Quinze of France, Mesdames Victoire and Adelaide. These Princesses were accomplished musicians, playing well on the harpsichord and violin; and being highly pleased with an air with variations composed for them by my grandfather, they requested him to arrange it as a duet for their two instruments. From Plombières Christoff Schetky returned to Darmstadt, whence with four other members of the Court orchestra he was afterwards sent to Frankfort to form part of the Imperial orchestra, during

the solemnities attendant on the coronation of Joseph, King of the Romans, and again attracted royal notice by a violoncello concerto of his own composition, and by the depth and richness of tone with which he executed it.

After the death, some few years later, of his constant friend and patron the Landgraf of Hesse, he determined to visit London; and on his way thither, while staying at Lisle in Flanders, where he gave a concert, he met Mr Bremner (then the first music-publisher in London), who was commissioned by the musical world of Scotland to engage a first violoncellist for the St Cecilia concerts in Edinburgh. My grandfather accepted the offered post, with the understanding that his final answer should be given from London; and finding that the climate and habits of that city did not suit his health, he proceeded to the northern capital, his introduction to which I have already described.

His last surviving daughter (from whom I obtained this account) writes of his retirement to Edinburgh as follows: "Was it not strange that, after being flattered and admired at foreign Courts, and meeting with so much prosperity everywhere, he should at last settle down in a

small place such as Edinburgh then was, in the remote country of Scotland! But I have sometimes imagined that this country then must have been more like an old Continental city than in its present state of progress. There were all the nobility of the country assembled from their ancient fastnesses in the north—the courts of law—the university—the little exiled Court of France at Holyrood, where my father often appeared* —those splendid St Cecilia concerts (the audience composed exclusively of the aristocracy,) combining so much talent —add to this, the easy access a well-educated and accomplished foreigner found to the best society,—these things must, I think, have combined to make him like the place."

It was natural that my grandfather should soon become intimate with the family of his compatriot and first friend in Edinburgh, Joseph Reinagle, who had formerly served in the Hungarian army under the Empress Maria Theresa, and had followed Prince James Edward Stuart to Scotland in 1715; and accordingly, we find recorded in the January of the year 1774, the

* Herr Schetky used to play at the private concerts given by the banished Princes, afterwards Louis XVIII. and Charles X., during their residence at Holyrood Palace after the Revolution of '93.

marriage of John George Christoff Schetky with Maria Anna Theresa, eldest daughter of Joseph Reinagle and his wife Anne Laurie. My grandmother is thus described by the same daughter from whose letters I have quoted above: "My mother was a highly-accomplished artist in both painting and music, having a splendid voice. She painted in various styles, but miniature-painting was her forte. How excellent she was in all respects! a perfect lady in manner and goodness and piety—such a wife and mother in devotedness, and so beloved and respected! I was never so happy as by her side."

For twenty-one years this artistic couple lived together in their quaint old house in the Old Town, and there their eleven children were born, and baptised in the old Episcopal Church of St Michael (where their marriage had been solemnised), situated in the Cowgate, and now in the possession of the Roman Catholics under the name of St Patrick's. Seven of these sons and daughters lived to grow up, the third of whom is the subject of the following memoir.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHETKY was the fourth son of Christoff and Maria Schetky, but as the brother next above him in age died while an infant, he occupies the third place in the family annals.

Of the old house in Ainslie's Close, Edinburgh, in which he was born on the 11th August 1778, we have no record; but about four years later his parents removed to one in Foulis's Close, which is still standing, and to which he always looked back fondly as his first home. I remember one evening in 1863 his describing a visit he had paid it long after it had been vacated by his family, and had fallen into a state of dilapidation. His words set it before us so graphically, that we wrote them down at the time.

"How well I remember," he said, "going

with Frank Home* to see our old houses in Foulis's Close! Frank's father lived in Lord Foulis's house, which was at the end of the close, as the great man's house always was; it was a gloomy old mansion, with fine rooms, and a garden at the back: and then all the retainers and so forth lived on either side. I *never* was so disgusted as when I saw the state of our house. The great door with its iron bars and nails, opening with a cre-e-ak, was taken away, so there was a common stair, and a family in *every* room. In the kitchen a family; in the next room—that was Betty's, the renowned Betty's!†—a family; then there was George's and mine, then a little pantry (I don't think any one lived there), then the best room—the big room, as we called it—the dining-room, and my father and mother's room,—in every one a family, and in the big room *two!* no partition between them! Poor Frank! he came to me

* An old school-fellow, afterwards Colonel Home of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and distinguished for his gallant defence of Hougoumont at the battle of Waterloo. The friendship between him and my father remained unbroken till the death of the former in 1858, when his friend nursed him devotedly through his last illness.

† The old Scotch nurse who took charge of the household after my grandmother's death, and ruled the children as sternly as she served them faithfully.

after he had seen his father's house, which was larger than ours, and he was in such a *rage* at the state of it! · When we went into our house (I was a little fellow then), it had been condemned thirty years before as having rotten joists, and so on—that was seventy years ago, and it is standing now!"

That old house saw some quaint scenes within its walls during the peaceful years in which my grandmother presided over it. At one time when John was about six years old, and his elder brothers, Charles and George, respectively ten and eight, Mr and Mrs Cramer came from Germany, bringing their son John (afterwards the celebrated composer, and even then a wonderful pianist), on a musical tour through England and Scotland; and on reaching Edinburgh were received by my grandfather with his accustomed hospitality. The two boys, John Schetky and John Cramer, being about the same age, soon made friends; and while their elders were refreshing themselves in the dining-room, they, casting about for some desirable amusement, lighted upon Herr Cramer's travelling pistols which he had left upon the piano in the "big room." With these delightful playthings they ensconced themselves under

the piano, and with the most cheerful unconciousness were endeavouring to consign each other to an early grave, when the parents happily returned in time to put a stop to the valiant attempt. Mrs Cramer signalised the occasion by fainting away in my grandfather's arms, but in due time recovered sufficiently to console little John Schetky for the loss of the pistols by dressing him up in her son's coat, which he greatly admired, as it was of bottle-green cloth with gilt buttons. But his happiness in stroking the buttons faded before the grievous necessity of restoring the coat to its rightful owner, and the incident ended in a flood of tears.

A few years later it was the young Hummel who came to Edinburgh with his father and made the acquaintance of the Schetky family. *His* coat was a scarlet one. But, to the consternation of young John, who was summoned to entertain him, he spoke nothing but German, so that conversation was a difficulty. However, fresh from the High School, my father was not to be daunted by such small hindrances; and having ascertained that his guest had learned Latin, he proposed that their intercourse should be held in that tongue, to which Hummel

agreed; and the conversation of the elders broke off in hearty laughter at hearing their sons addressing each other in obsolete Latin phrases.

Those years at the High School of Edinburgh were not very prosperous ones with young John Schetky. School discipline was conducted on a rough-and-ready principle at that time, and he was never of a studious turn of mind—far more given to drawing pictures in his books than to learning lessons from them. We have some jottings from his reminiscences of that period in his life, which, slight as they are, have in them his peculiarly racy descriptive power. One evening, in 1864, a friend asked him if he remembered Francis Horner the politician?* "Frank Horner?" he answered; "to be sure! I was at school with him and Leonard, his brother. He was dux, and I was always at the bottom of the class—Davie Home and I, the idle ones. I remem-

* Son of John Horner, a linen manufacturer, born in Edinburgh about 1780. Began life at the English bar, but afterwards became an M.P., and was looked upon as one of the rising men of his party. His promising career was, however, cut short by his early death in Italy, 1817. His younger brother, Leonard Horner, devoted himself to scientific pursuits; he held for many years an inspectorship of factories, and exerted himself perseveringly therein.

ber one day, when Frank Horner was at fault, old Crooky (that was Cruickshank, the master) called me up to help him out in Cæsar—the 'Bello Gallico.' My book had not the passage by sixteen or seventeen pages, but I had it all by heart hearing the fellows repeat it; so I kept turning the page, turning the page, and saying it off, to the astonishment of Cruickshank, who thought me a perfect dolt. And I was sent across the hall to the very top from the bottom, and as I passed the master's chair he paid me a compliment. I was not long there, however; and, while there, I was as uncomfortable as Damocles with the sword hanging over his head. The reason so many leaves were gone from my Cæsar was that all my books were full of pictures of little ships chasing one another, with always a man on the bowsprit of the hindermost one, much bigger than the ship, firing at the one he was chasing; and then the fellows used to make me tear out the pages and give them to them for the pictures."

Our next record of his school days finds him with his brother Charles playing truant one fine summer day—when the gleam of the Firth seen from the Castle Hill was too tempting to be resisted—and spending the hours which

should have been devoted to the classics in an expedition to Leith, where dwelt an old fisherman, upon the hire of whose boat they generally spent all their small pocket-money. Returning late in the afternoon tired, hot, and hungry, from their sail, they took a short cut through the Old Town, hoping to slink into the house by a back way, and thereby escape a scolding and obtain a supper; but forgot that their road lay past the house of one of the masters, familiarly called "Willie Nicol." As they passed this house a window was suddenly thrown up, and, to their consternation, the heads of their master and their father appeared thereat, and the dreaded *rating* at once began, with threats of more extreme measures soon to follow. "Ah, you idle fellows, I shall have something to say to you when I come home! No supper will you get to-night, mind you."

"Shame on ye, ne'er-do-weel callants that ye are! Wait till I come at ye the morn an' see hoo ye like a taste o' my tawse; aye deedle-dawdlin' wi' your boats an' your pictures, instead o' mindin' your books like decent lads!"

Then a third face looked over the master's shoulder, and the crestfallen boys recognised another friend of their father's—Allan Master-

ton*—watching their discomfiture with irrepressible amusement. But another moment and the aspect of affairs had changed, for another head appeared between the first two, and a stalwart pair of arms pushed them right and left: "Hoot, sirs, what are ye about? Whisht, Schetky! whisht, Nicol! haud your tongue, an' dinna look sae dour on the puir laddies. Eh, my lads, nae doubt but ye're hungry eneuch; here are some bawbees to buy bannocks to your supper. An' noo rin hame like gude bairnies, an' get to your schule the morn."

"And that was Robert Burns," my father always wound up when he told the story. "And so I remember having seen together that day the three men mentioned in Burns's song—

> 'O, *Willie* brewed a peck o' maut,
> An' *Rab* an' *Allan* cam' to pree!'

and my father with them. They were all dining together at Nicol's as it happened, and saw us pass the window. That was the only time I ever saw Robert Burns."

The love of the sea which thus showed itself so early, soon developed into an intense desire to enter the navy; and with much reluctance

* Writing-master at the High School, and a musical genius in his way, being the composer of the song alluded to below.

Mr and Mrs Schetky yielded to their son's wishes so far as to get his name placed on the books of H.M. frigate Hind in 1792, the same year and the same frigate as that in which the late Lord Dundonald began his career in the fleet. But their hearts afterwards failed them, and they withdrew the permission they had given; and thenceforward John Schetky consoled himself by painting the great swan-like vessels in which he longed to sail, and in which even in old age he was more at home and sure-footed than on land.

When only about fifteen years old he began to assist his mother in teaching drawing to a class of ladies which she had formed. His sister writes of him at this time: "Your father was a most affectionate son, devoted to his mother in every way; she being proud of her gifted son. He assisted her in her class for painting, where he won the hearts of all the ladies — as all through his long life he won all hearts by the beautiful ingenuousness of his pure youth and manhood. He began to teach on his own account about this time." Amongst the early patrons of whom my father always spoke gratefully as having encouraged his first attempts at self-support, were the then Duchess of

Buccleuch (of whom after her death Sir Walter Scott wrote—

> "All angel now, but little less while here
> A denizen of earth!"

and Lady Balcarras, who was a kind and constant friend of Mr and Mrs Schetky, and took an interest in all their children, but especially in their artist son, whom she engaged to give drawing-lessons to her daughters.

In December 1795 Mrs Schetky died, and sorely was her loss felt by her husband and family. My father always cherished her memory with the utmost veneration, and would from time to time describe fondly to us her gentleness and piety, her care in training her children to observe the fasts and festivals of their Church, which in those days were little thought of; and her own practice of wearing black on Good Friday, and always sending them to church even when delicate health kept her from accompanying them. The two eldest sons were already out in the world at the time of her death—Charles in the army, and George following the musical profession in America under the care of his mother's favourite brother—but John was still living at home, studying painting under Nasmyth; and after his mother's death

he endeavoured, by the most affectionate care, to supply her place as far as was possible to his young brother Alexander (then only ten years old) and to the three little girls, who were the youngest of the family. "As we grew up," writes one of them, "he became our mentor in all the proprieties of a refined female conduct and manner. There was the most beautiful friendship between him and his youngest brother Alexander; they had their peculiar gifts, tastes, and dispositions, and the most generous esteem for each other—how I used to admire them for this!"

During the next few years, young John Schetky remained in Edinburgh, teaching for the sake of his father and sisters, and studying for his own. Amongst other means of practising his art, he tried scene-painting at one of the theatres, and once got into trouble with the manager for using real gold-leaf to construct a golden bridge in some fairy scene. He also made some sketching tours in the Highlands, during which he was most kindly received by the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch; and in the course of one of them, on his way home from Inverness, he one day came upon Neil Gow, the famous fiddler, "sitting upon a stone

by the roadside playing his fiddle!" On this occasion he was returning from a visit to a friend of his mother's, Miss Delicia Mackenzie, and slept at Inverness on the first night of his walk back to Edinburgh. Next morning the landlord of the inn showed him a horse which had been ridden thither by a gentleman from Perth, and asked him if he would be kind enough to ride it back again. Though entirely ignorant of horsemanship, the young artist at once caught at the opportunity of making the journey on horseback instead of on foot, and started in high spirits. These were soon checked, however, by the unexpected descent of the horse upon its knees, and of himself over its head—a catastrophe which so greatly disconcerted him, that rather than trust himself upon its back again, he led the animal all the way to Perth!

This accident is alluded to in the quaintly expressed* list of misadventures and escapes which he was persuaded to write down during a visit to his kind and valued friend, the late Earl of Hardwicke, at Wimpole Park, in the year 1860.

The time came, however, when the longing

* *Vide* Chapter viii.

to see Italy—the cradle and home of Art, the *alma mater* of artists—rose strong and resistless within young John Schetky; and at length, in the autumn of 1801, he, together with his friends Frank Home and Peter Syme, set out for Paris, with the intention of walking thence to Rome—an intention which two of them carried out to the letter with great enjoyment, in spite of many hardships on the way.

Some incidents of this tour are related by my father himself, in the fragment of autobiography which I shall now give intact, believing that his friends will appreciate its quaint and characteristic details, and will share our regret that it should never have been completed. It begins with an unfinished preface, as follows :—

"*May*, 1838.*

"At the instigation of some valued friends, while laughing at occasional adventures and stories in the course of my rambles, I am (I assure you, Mr Reader, unwillingly, being what may be called a *shy man*) here established at my table with a pen in my hand, to tell them in writing—why, really nothing out of the way—for I daresay all I may recollect to put down

* Probably 1848, as at the commencement of the "Recollections" which follow.

may have happened to most men who have been going through the world with their eyes open. I suppose this must be called the preface. I like a preface, though few read them: *I always do.* In the first place, it lets you into the marrow of the author's intention; and secondly, if you have no time to go further into his book, it gives those who have the knack, with quickness and impudence, (very necessary in this life!) a positive power in company of talking of the work with all the seeming perfect knowledge of its entire contents. It is not to be supposed that *anybody* almost can keep pace with and read all, ay, or *half*, the books that are nowadays tumbling in hampersful into the booksellers' shops. Impossible! The monthlies, good sir, the magazines—these are your friends to set you up in reputation as a well and a deep read man! Only remember always to change the reviewer's *words*, keeping his meaning all the time.

"I have often been amused in watching the cool, deliberate, slow, and articulate discussion of a voluminous work, with certain pinches of snuff between (while wine and walnuts were within our grasp), by a clever fellow — some intimate of my own—who I *knew* had only seen the 'Edinburgh' or 'Quarterly' on the subject.

"Now, those, like myself, who read prefaces, may as well leave mine alone—*i.e.*, if they expect any information from it. All this being said, the thing that distracts me is how and where I am to begin with any stories I ever told, with the slightest hope of entertaining my readers, or that they will ever be read at all!

"RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ARTIST IN THE COMMON WALK THROUGH LIFE, FROM 1801 TO 1848.

"CROYDON, *4th July* 1848.

"I, John Christian Schetky, was born in Edinburgh, and there grew up. At the instigation of my friends, often repeated, I am about to launch upon the undulating sea of types and severe pressure, a few circumstances, or adventures, if they may be so called, which have passed before me, or in which I have taken part. But how to begin is indeed a puzzle! I must therefore be content (and so must my readers) to take stories and events as they come.

"While at school in 1792, I was entered on the books of the Hind frigate (Captain Cochrane), and for two years enjoyed that honour and pride—made a vow never to be taken alive

in that "cocked-hat, checked shirt, blue jacket, and trousers white as the driven snow!" But papa and mamma persuaded me to leave that glorious and spirit-stirring service; and so I did, to my perpetual regret, having lived to see my old shipmates and school-companions admirals (Sir This and Sir That) long ago.

"At the end of the war by the peace of Amiens, a fellow-victim at school to the tyranny of the then teachers and I, set off to take a walk over the plains and mountains which must be passed or paced between Paris and Rome. Now when at school we had determined to follow Hannibal's track over the Alps, and find out, if we could, whether he thawed the snow with barrels of vinegar or not; and, like boys, we calculated that we could accomplish the journey upon seven shillings per day —*and we did it*, by compulsion, our exchequer being very limited. In this perambulation we were joined by a third mutual friend. So, in September 1801, away we went; each man had a shirt in his pocket—shoes and stockings were bought when required.

"'Twere bootless to tell of all the many drubbings and drenchings from the rain, and whirlwinds of "pouthery snaw," which we endured;

we had made a promise to take all that might come in cheerful part—surely the best philosophy in such cases.

"We made many and most picturesque sketches as we journeyed on; but alas for the fate of mine! as hereafter to be told.

"I only now remember one circumstance, between Paris and Geneva, at all worth mentioning; but one thing may bring another as I go on.

"After a long thirty-five miles march on a hot day, we arrived at a hamlet or "clachan," and found quarters, such as they were, for supper and beds. Now, during our march of the day, my friend Frank Home, who had taken his degree of M.D., said, 'You two fellows, as artists, ought to know something of anatomy.'

"'Well, maybe we do, a little.'

"'Come, then, the anatomy of the arm—where would you break a vein?' And so he started an argument between us. Peter Syme was for the basilic, I was for the internal median vein. The doctor, you see, was a little unwell, and his drift was to find out whether or not he might trust his arm to either of us. As we were to be upon the road by daylight, our landlord thought it would be as well to get his reckoning before he went to bed. We paid; and, supper over, and

the small wine too, which we drank from tumblers, the doctor said—

"'Now, John, do you think you could bleed me?'

"'To death, with a deal of pleasure!'

"Well, he stripped, and I performed, taking two tumblers from the vein which I had proposed. There were many sprinklings on the mud floor and on the table, and the sight of the tumblers and state of the room in the morning must have astonished mine host, who most likely put us down as three desperadoes, having sworn some dreadful oath, and clenched it by drinking an abominable libation. So we conjectured, laughing along the road in the grey of the dawn. And, to add to the poor man's consternation and chagrin, the wolves ate up his horse in the back-yard that night; but we were too heavy with sleep to be disturbed by the transaction.

"Towards the end of this day's trudge, the sun just going to dip, we came to a most inviting pool of deep, silent water under a bridge (Ponte Polinac), and thought that we should like a dip; so with one consent we were soon undressed, —and if we stood trembling on the brink, we trembled incalculably more the next minute,

for we were no sooner in than we were out again, breathless with cold. Oh, how desperate was the cold of that snow-water! And there we stood on the bank, just the colour of salmon, looking at each other, and gasping for breath, like three fools as we were.

"The next day was as hot, if not more so, than the last, and having pushed up a very high and very steep hill (it would deserve the name of mountain in any other country), we called a halt; and as nothing living was to be seen all around, and only an eagle or two high over our heads, we voted stripping to cool, while our shirts would be drying on the juniper-bushes: that was indeed delightful. While we danced about like savages I spied a vineyard hard by, leaped the low wall of loose stones, and filled my hat with splendid grapes. What a refreshing, delicious drink they proved! — because 'stolen waters are sweet,' I suppose.

"Many days' stout travel after that were trod that have passed out of my memory, before we got sight of the Lake of Geneva. It burst upon our astonished view from the top of the Jura Pass, on a calm evening. All that day there had not been a breath of wind, nor one cloud. What a scene! And as we gazed in

silent awe, the lake lying beneath, the opposite mountains vanishing in distant succession, crowned in almost atmospheric vapour by Mont Blanc—in the still silence of that rugged spot, while the evening air was calm and dim—up came to our enchanted ears the genuine melody of the Ranz des Vaches, from some shepherd in the vale below. I never heard it again in Switzerland.

"The forenoon of next day was spent in descending the Jura, and on to Geneva. At the Hotel Balance d'Or, we found good quarters; but next day, to our dismay, we found not our money at the bank, Mr Peregrine having forgot to forward our deposit. Here was a situation—in a foreign land without a shilling! nor was it till nearly three weeks afterwards that it arrived. Meantime, to get into debt at the hotel would never do, and what was to be done? We had, however, a breakfast every morning, and spent the days in the neighbouring woods and hills sketching, and became wonderfully expert at knocking down walnuts from the trees with stones; we also found it very convenient to wash a pair of stockings or a shirt now and then, which dried on the bank while we swam about in the lake! On one of these

occasions, an old purse-proud rascal had seen our virtuous occupation from his villa through his glass, and came down, with his long gold-headed cane and low-crowned white hat, with a narrow binding of gold lace round the rim, and there he sat laughing and making us look foolish by his impudent remarks; till Frank Home (who was a capital Frenchman) came forth from out of his depth in the water, and standing up breast-high, gave the old villain such a set-down, that after taking a long pinch of snuff, he took up his stick, made a low bow with his hat off, and walked away.

"There was a Dr Coindet, who had taken his degree of M.D. at Edinburgh, and had been a pupil of Frank Home's father at that university. We soon found out the worthy man, who was all kindness; and his dear little wife, whom he had married in Edinburgh (herself a native of 'mine own romantic town'), was delighted to welcome three countrymen under her roof at dinner. She was an accomplished pianist; and happening to have a copy of Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' with the music of the songs of that pastoral opera bound up together, we each of us took a part with her—read it through and sang the songs; but it was too, too much

for the poor little woman. To hear the old northern Doric ringing in her ears after such a lapse of time, quite overcame her, and she wept heartily. I don't believe that any Swiss ever yearned or suffered more from the *mal du pays* than did that dear little Scotch lassie.

"Our stay at Geneva was exceedingly agreeable, though we certainly did not get fat upon our feeding. We got into good society of talented people through Dr Coindet, and had some charming musical evenings, &c.* In about a fortnight after the arrival of our *quàbus* from Peregrine in Paris, which put us in a position to march, we started for Chamounix, on the 21st October, over a most romantic and beautiful country, halting at La Bonneville and La Maison.

"While waiting for supper to be served at La Maison, with two candles on the table (I mention the candles for a reason), there came on a sudden awful storm of rain, wind, and *such* thunder and lightning—never saw lightning like

* My father used to describe to us how, during this tour, the Swiss and Italians would ask him to sing Scotch songs to them again and again. His voice was a very remarkable one—a baritone of great compass, with the addition of beautiful falsetto notes. When tried by Dr Crotch, a few years later, it comprised three octaves.

that! The tempest hung over some tremendous high mountains at the back of our hotel, and at the end of a long passage we stood to observe the brilliant electric flashes of the heavenly fire; and while looking at a small crack in the black cloud up there, a flash broke forth which almost stunned me. I had seen enough, and returned groping my way along the dark passage; and when I found that I was in the supper-room by striking against the table, I was surprised that they should have taken away the candles, and holloaed lustily for lights, but nobody answered; and presently I began to see two small specks of a green colour before me, which gradually grew and identified themselves as the aforesaid very candles—which proved to me that I had been struck blind for a time.

"Arrived at Chamounix, we were all astonishment at the grandeur of the scene, as who has not been? Next day we clambered up Mont Blanc with a guide. About half-way up our ears were agreeably saluted by melodious sounds of pretty native singing, and soon there came in view two Swiss girls riding down the path on mules (*en cavalier*). They had been guiding two Englishmen up the mountain, and these gentlemen soon followed returning. They

had white beaver hats lined with green, and so had we: it was the common wear of travelling Englishmen at that time. I had to step off the narrow path, and hold on by a projecting pine which leaned over the frowning precipice below, to let them pass; and, will it be believed? they did so with shut lips—never opened their mouths to make an observation! It was rather disappointing; for it made my heart leap to meet two fine-looking fellow-countrymen in so lonely and rugged a place, in a foreign country, so far from Old England. Well, it only put me in mind that we are all free agents in our dear country.

"We went up to what is called Blair's Hut, and rested there awhile; wrote our names upon the walls among the 10,000 autographs to be found there; put on a log, according to request, to keep up a perpetual fire on the floor; and mounted as much higher as the snow would let us, which was about a quarter of a mile. On our return we visited the mouth of the Arve (the ancient Arar), issuing from an immense cavern of ice, which ends the glacier there.

"Next day we set out from Chamounix for Martigni, by the Col de Balme: the country beautiful. Then at Martigni a painful separation was about to take place; our friend, Peter

Syme, could not remain longer away from his engagements at home, and must leave us to-morrow. So after breakfast we shook hands, and immediately struck off in different directions—he to Vevay, and we to La Valais, towards Sion. I never shall forget the uncomfortable and miserable feeling which came over me when looking back, after a while, to see that lonely man, a speck on the broad white road, winding his silent way to the land of his fathers. And let me mention here that all was ordered for the best beyond our ken—for he arrived in Edinburgh just in time to take charitable charge of his brother's widow and seven children; and he went on performing his pious duty to the fullest till they all went forth to do for themselves, well educated. Bravo, good Peter Syme! He went to his rest some three years ago, at Dollar, where he was professor of painting at the College. May his soul find that bliss which is in store for the good and virtuous!

"But this is all very prosy and stupid, and I shall never get out of Switzerland unless I take the hill at once—the Mont Simplon. Passing Sion, we came to Glys and Brieg, and next morning turned towards the foot of that great and romantic pass into Italia. There was only

the beginning of Buonaparte's road then, and we scrambled over rocks and through streams at a great risk, till we were overtaken by a band of countrymen travelling upwards like ourselves. We followed them, to our great advantage; and after a long and wearisome toil arrived at the remains of Suwarroff's camp, what time he carried all before him in that quarter of the world. On we went to the Hospice on the top of the Simplon Pass, got some slender refreshment, and pushed on through a storm of drifting snow to Morgotby(?), where we slept—ay, and soundly, after such a day's march. By the dawn next morning we were on the road for Angera, and there took boat to cross the Lago Maggiore to Vareze. (I say nothing of the Borromeo Islands, they have been so often and so well described already.) On towards Milan, amid various contrasts of weather—cold, wet, warm, and dry—frequently drenched to the skin and walking on till the sun dried us! We did not remain longer at Milan than seven or eight days; for, finding no assistance from any law or authority to the recovery of my portmanteau, which I had sent on from Geneva *with all my Swiss sketches!* we left it in disgust, and proceeded by Lodi, Parma, Piacenza,

Modena, Bologna, &c., to Florence. A few days there sufficed, and after seeing all that was worth looking at we took the road again for Rome.

"We slept one night at Lorenzo by the Lake of Bolsena, and next morning were early afoot. We walked that day sixty miles—from 6 A.M. to 12 midnight. On the way we came, on the slope near the top of very high ground, to a small inn, where we had some supper. Our company in that house was of a dubious character—rough, haggard, ferocious-looking rascals armed to the teeth. They were *sbirri*, a sort of police, and were on the search for some murderers. They were roasting a long string of goldfinches which they had shot for their supper; and while this operation was going on, up drove an English carriage with a demand for fresh horses and a guard. The party did not alight, but had some hot water sent out, doubtless to mix tea or coffee, or maybe grog. Our supper companions immediately bustled about, and mustered to take the duty of the *guard*. We fixed our screw-blades on the ends of our long staves before their faces on purpose; and upon their question, "why or wherefore?" we answered, to keep off the wolves — but we

meant the two-legged wolves. Off went the carriage, and we soon followed: in the silence of the night we could hear the rattle of its wheels a far way on before us; but in the course of half an hour my friend fairly broke down, or knocked up, whichever you like to call it, and lay down upon the bank by the side of the road. It was about 10 P.M. of a fine clear night, and I could see the glistening of a distant mountain lake, reflecting the little horizontal glimmer of the western sky. In vain I endeavoured to rouse him, and while standing over him I could yet hear the diminishing rumble of the carriage growing more faint every instant till all was still. Just then I was startled by a distant whistle from the wood up there on the left, which was answered by another more distant. I freely confess that I felt anything but comfortable, and rather *eerie*, as they say in Scotland; my friend also seemed not indifferent to the sound, for—

'With toil his stiffened limbs he reared;'

and on we went, making good the seven miles which lay between us and the next town, where we arrived about half-past twelve. Nobody in the streets, no watchmen; where were we to

find a resting-place in a strange town at midnight? At last we saw a light, and heard some drunkards singing; there we made our landfall, and got a bed (for us both) in such a room! The door would not shut—had no lock nor latch; so we put the table against it, with two chairs, one atop of the other, in such a position that anybody entering must have knocked them down with a noise that would have wakened us. But nothing happened; and on the morning of the morrow we set off for the Holy City, and arrived in the twilight (having walked forty-three miles), were housed in an hotel in the Strada del Corso, and next day got lodgings in the Piazza di Spagna.

"Having, as I have said, fixed our quarters for the night upon our arrival in Rome, it was impossible to sit down quietly even after so long a walk. The feeling of being really *in Rome* was so strong that out we went to look about before nightfall, and wandering a great way we strayed into a great church through a gate in a long wall at the back of the said church. Vespers were going on with organ and chanting in many side chapels. The interior was most imposing and vast—we could hardly see the roof of the dome in the dusk—and

remarked to each other: If this is *just a church* in Rome, what must St Peter's be? However, on questioning a person who had just risen from his knees as to what church it was, he stared, and politely told us it was St Peter's.

"It will be presumed that we were out all and every day seeing every place and thing, sketching among the ruins, &c., &c.; but as Rome has been so often said and sung, it would be absurd in me to attempt a description. Of course we went to Tivoli and the places all about the Campagna. I recollect one fine night going to see the Coliseum by moonlight: it was indeed very grand, and we proved its echoes with two old primitive shepherd's pipes which we had picked up at a stall in the street. I had ruled my sketch-book with music-lines, and written down the notes of "Tweedside" (the song of my friend's native corner of the world), which I taught him to play, making a kind of duet of it; and upon those two pipes, rude as they were, to our ears recalling many pleasing remembrances, we thought it very pretty music. On our way back we heard guitars and singing going on in a narrow alley, and turned down to listen. There was a young gallant singing to his lady-love up in her window showing a light in a

lantern, two guitar-players accompanying, and four or five black-looking rascals standing round armed with sword and pistol. Ever and anon, at the end of the verse, there was a bit of a dance. As there seemed to be a good deal of fun and good-humour about this serenade, I ventured to join the guitars in accompaniment with my pipe, and mix, playing all the while, in the dance. I thought afterwards, and do now, that it was rather an impudent intrusion; however, as good luck would have it, the party one and all were pleased, and the caper went off kindly.

"On our return to Rome one day from Tivoli, we met a clumsy, old-fashioned carriage in the road, which stopped, and *Cardinal York* addressed us, asking after the welfare of *his fleets* and *his army!* and gave us his blessing with his two fingers up. Now it is something to say that we had seen the last of the royal Stuarts.

"After remaining a little more than two months at Rome, we sailed down the Tiber to its confluence with the sea in a coasting craft, being towed all the way by many buffaloes. There we were wind-bound (we were going to Genoa); and though the wind became fair and there was nothing of a sea to stay the voyage,

the captain would not start, as he said it was 'troppo mare grosso.' Well, as we ate up all our store of provisions (ten days' stock) before the 'mare grosso' went down to his satisfaction, we were obliged to be content to walk back to Rome, there being no house or farm to get a fresh supply; and a few days afterwards we set off per *vetturino* to Civita Vecchia, and there took ship for Leghorn and Genoa. We were not suffered to land at Leghorn for want of a bill of health, so we tripped our anchor in the night and proceeded to Genoa. Scudding through the Gulf of Spezia we anchored in a little bay taking its name from a town there, San Stefano, and sailing from here next day we came to an anchor at Genoa. But I am a little before my story—let me beg to retrace a bit. While approaching Leghorn I saw at a great distance through the ship's glass the old English flag flying at the mizen-peak of a frigate; oh, how my heart leapt, with corresponding mistful eyes, at the sight of that bit of bunting! I thought I saw my father or mother, or both, when I saw that flag. It proved to belong to the Termagant sloop of war anchored off the coast.

"We went to the hotel at Genoa and remained

some days, and shipped again for Gibraltar, touching at Nice. On leaving that pretty place we fell in with a gale of wind and were driven into Toulon for shelter. There I made a narrow escape; for being seen by an Italian in the dockyard sketching the Old Berwick and Swiftsure (English men-of-war which had been taken), he told me that if I was observed sketching when the men came back from their dinner, I should be all the head shorter in my figure. He told me that he had served in the British navy with Nelson, and therefore gave me this friendly hint, which I instantly took and departed.

"From Toulon we took the common stage-coach to Marseilles, and then the mail-post to Lyons and Paris.

"In Paris I left my fellow-traveller and proceeded to London, *just in time;* for, being detained four days at Calais by weather, only three packets got away after us (the same day) before the Emperor's order arrived to detain everybody.

"It is amusing at this distance of time to recollect and recount nervous moments produced by empty pockets. When I landed at Dover I had just one shilling in my purse! and *that*

was forced from me by a rascally custom-house porter who *would* follow me while I carried my small portmanteau, insisting that with his badge on his arm he must be paid whether he or I carried the portmanteau. These sort of villains can always make you look foolish before the standers-by when they open their slang tongue against you; so I flung him my shilling, went into the hotel where dinner was smoking on the table, and sat down with the rest of my fellow-passengers of the Calais packet, resolving not to starve on my own native soil at the moment of landing so long as I had a watch in my pocket. I happened to sit next to a kind, good man, a Swiss from Geneva, with whom I had made acquaintance in the packet; and when the bill had to be paid he most politely begged to know if he should pay for me? I accepted the kind offer, having in the course of the dinner requested him to take into his keeping my watch for repairs, as it was going all wrong. I think he saw my drift, and was therefore prompted to propose the accommodation. His name was Cordonnier, watchmaker, Charing Cross.

"This was the only time in my life that I ever had occasion to pledge any article.

"It was a long and miserable journey that

night from Dover to London, even from 6 P.M. to 10 A.M. next day, in February, and on the top of the coach—and oh, how cold! To be sure we were requested by the coachman to walk up the hills, not so much to stretch our legs as to ease the poor horses. I was entreated 'for goodness' sake not to stretch *my* legs, as they were too, *too* long already!' to the inconvenience of my opposite fellow-travellers, some fretful old women. However, these occasional interludes in the monotony of our journey were comfortable by comparison, creating circulation and occasional warmth of a kind. There was among my fellow-travellers an Irishman, a very gentlemanly person of the name of Jackson, on his way from Paris to London; and having always had a liking for the Irish brogue, I soon picked it up from his conversation; so on our arrival at the hotel in London, when we were about to part, in exchanging cards he wrung me by the hand, declaring his comfort and satisfaction in having had the good fortune to travel with a fellow-countryman. 'Faith and troth,' said I, 'I'm not an Irishman!' 'Ah, mushy! and aren't ye then?' 'No, I'm a Scotchman.' If you could have seen his disappointment, and how he backed out of my sight, you would have

laughed, as I did. There was a great bustle in the hotel, everybody calling for something to keep body and soul together, for the coach was full inside and out, as all hands were rushing out of France in consequence of the evident renewal of hostilities. My first step was to hasten to my uncle * to report my return, and then to my tailor and hatter, being quite ready for the newest fashions. Going along just by Temple Bar I could not but look in at the window of a picture-shop, and there I heard some one whistling a Scotch song most beautifully. Said I to myself, 'None but a Scotchman can do that!' and on looking round I saw an old friend, an M.D., to be the whistler. Without saying a word, and looking straight at the pictures, I began to whistle a second to his tune. It had the expected instant effect—he stopped and looked—and I went on whistling without ever turning my head, never doubting but that he would address me with the same warmth of friendly feeling with which I had recognised him. Not a bit of it; he slid from my side and went off! I had not gone on, however, more than a hundred yards, when I received a hearty slap on my shoulder, with,

* Philip Reinagle, Esq., R.A.

'How do you do, my dear fellow? Give us your hand! I'm very glad to see you. My brother John told me this minute that he had seen you at a picture-shop.' 'Yes,' said I, 'and I saw him too; but how are you, my dear Tom?' &c. (Tom and John were two different sort of people, you see.) I went back with Tom at his request to his lodgings to lunch with him and tell him my adventures, and then to my uncle. Having got up some pecuniary steam, and been through the hands of my tailor, I went down to Beaconsfield to visit my old friend John Turner, Esq. of Turner Hall, then in his 75th year; remained there a few weeks, and then on to Oxford to visit another uncle whom I had not seen for fourteen years. My intention was to stay about a fortnight and then proceed to Edinburgh and there carry on my profession; but it having been found out that I was an artist, I was waited upon by the two proctors, excellent worthy men—the Rev. Dr Penrose and the Rev. Bryan Broughton of New College. Their request was, that if I had not yet made any engagements elsewhere, I would remain at the University, as they had no doubt it would answer to me, and be of much use and benefit to the students instead of nothing

but boating, billiards, and cricket, perpetually. Well, acting upon this good advice, I did stay, and passed six of the most agreeable years of my life there. I had the honour of dining with those reverend gentlemen on the same day that they called on me, and well remember the splendour and comfort of that high table, and the happiness round that roaring fire.

"I was so fortunate as to secure many excellent and still most valued friends in Oxford; and none more steady and kind than the late Hon. and Rev. Charles A. North: we were *brothers* as long as he lived. To be sure, our introduction to each other was rather odd and unusual, as thus: One day sitting at my window painting, a billiard-table being right opposite in the High Street, I saw a very fine large setter dog fall out of the two-storey window on to the pavement below and lie howling. I ran over the way without my hat, got some red cord from an upholsterer's shop next door and some splints of wood, and while employed binding up poor Carlo's broken leg, I heard the bystanders say, 'What a shame it was that gentlemen should amuse themselves by throwing such a fine creature out of the window!' 'Oh,' said another, 'here comes the gentleman!' I went

on with my operation, and having finished I stood up, and putting my hands on my sides gave this gentleman such a jobation as I thought he justly deserved for his wanton cruelty. To my surprise, he looked me in the face with eyes full of water, but did not speak; got a window-shutter, and followed the dog to his rooms. In half an hour, however, he called on me, and laying hold of my hand in both of his, thanked me most heartily for reading him a lecture so well deserved had the case been as it was represented to me; but upon explanation I found that the dog, being in the habit of jumping up to sit on the broad and massive window-sill of the Bishop's Palace at Farnham, expected to find the same accommodation on that of the billiard-room, which being only a flat wood-shed of a place, he lost his balance and fell over. Well, that was satisfactory; and then it became me to apologise for the liberty I had given my tongue. I dined with him that day at the Angel Hotel; and, in short, from that moment we became lasting friends, and I lived with him and his amiable family from time to time afterwards at his rectory of Alverstoke, in Hampshire. But as I shall have opportunities hereafter of mentioning many pleasurable recollections of events

in his society, I shall take up my narrative and get on.

"In 1808 I was elected from Oxford to the Military College of Sandhurst, together with Messrs Arnold,* Loring, and Mills, and passed three happy years there. The College instructions were then carried on at Great Marlow, while the present building was being manufactured; and just when it was tenantable and the establishment about to move, I retired from the Military to the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, as, fortunately for me, a vacancy in the drawing department occurred just then, and by good luck I obtained my election to the appointment I had long wished for, having all my life cherished an affectionate regard for the navy. And that was very natural; for, though dissuaded in my early youth from remaining in that glorious service by my parents' loving and tender persuasions, it had lighted a spark in my young brain which has never gone out. The same week that I was entered as middy on board the Hind frigate, Captain Cochrane's nephew, the late most valiant and highly talent-

* Matthew Arnold, Esq., brother of the late Dr Arnold of Rugby; afterwards unfortunately drowned by the upsetting of a boat at Laleham.

ed Admiral the Earl of Dundonald, also began his glorious career.

"I remained at the Royal Naval College twenty-five years and seven months—*i.e.*, till it was abandoned as a college; and just at that period the French Government began to build *two* naval colleges *upon the exact plan of ours!*

"Oh, I was so happy all that quarter of a century with my boys! 'Happy companions every one,' as the song says."

I will only add to the foregoing journal a few more details of one or two of the events alluded to therein, which we heard from time to time from my father's own lips as circumstances recalled them to his mind. Amongst other memoranda I have the following, taken down in January 1864.

"I remember," he said, one evening, "being in Paris in 1801, and going to the house of Maria Williams, an English lady of a certain age, but lively and full of chat and wit, who lived there, and used to give *soirées* once or twice a-week. I do not remember how we were introduced to her, but I think we were told that she expected English people to call upon her; and we did call, and went to one of her *soirées*.

There I met Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, Thaddeus Kosciusko, Charles James Fox, and many others. I went up to speak to West, I remember, and then Peter Syme and Frank Home came up to us, and we all stood round him, and he talked to us there like a father, as it were. He was a fine-looking old man, but *just an old man!* and I was sorry I had seen him, for I thought the great Benjamin West would have sixteen eyes and forty-five noses, or at least be bigger than other men: but he was just like anybody else. Kosciusko was a big swarthy man, a little above the middle height, walking about in a tight-buttoned coat as if he was in harness. And Fox was massive-looking, with broad shoulders, and thick legs and feet, black eye-browed, or *black-avised*, as we say in Scotland. As to the Frenchmen, they flitted about like phantoms among the great sturdy Englishmen."

He often described to us his meeting with Cardinal York, his recollection of which was very distinct. On one occasion it was noted down as follows:—

"One day, in Campagna di Roma, we saw a splendid carriage and six horses of most brilliant caparison coming towards us across the

plain. The carriage stopped; down went the window, and out came a head with a large red hat on it. He leant his arms on the window-ledge, saying, 'Are you Englishmen?' 'Yes, sir,' I said. 'Come to see Rome?' 'Yes.' And then he began asking questions, all of which I don't remember, till he stopped for a moment and then with a loud voice said, 'How are all my armies and navies in Britain?' I looked up with astonishment, and could not understand what he had to do with armies and navies. After staring in his face with amazement, I said, 'The sailors are as jolly as ever, and the soldiers very comfortable in their barracks:' and while I still stood in confusion of mind, I saw him putting out his two fingers, and saying, 'God bless you, my children!' he pulled up the window and drove off. Turning round, I went two or three steps to my companion, who stood behind me, and he said to me, 'John, do you know who you have been talking to?' 'No, Frank, I don't know him; who is he?' 'That was "Charlie is my darling"'s brother!' I got into a dreadful fury with my quiet and useless companion, and said, 'Oh, why didn't I know him! What would my friend Walter Scott have given to be in my shoes!' 'Ah!'

said Frank Home. And then we walked on talking nonsense of what might have been; for had I known it was Prince Charlie's brother, I would have sung him a Scotch song, and he would have given me a ring off his finger. We never fell in with him in the streets all the time we were in Rome.

"On my return from my travels, my kind friend and school-fellow, Walter Scott, was the first I called upon in Scotland, at his country-seat on the Tweed, Ashestiel; and while I sat in the room telling him all that had happened at my meeting with the disappointed Prince, Walter Scott was just distracted, walking round the room striking with his stick every table and chair he came near."

CHAPTER II.

OF the six years of John Schetky's residence at Oxford we have little record, save that he made many friends, amongst the firmest of whom were the late Professor Wilson of Edinburgh (then at Magdalen College), and two brothers, John and Edward Trevenen, sons of one Squire Trevenen, a country gentleman, living on his own estates in Cornwall. Both of these were remarkable men; John, literary and artistic—Edward, gifted with a keen and ready wit, a brilliant musical talent, and a warm appreciation of the good and beautiful, which at once constituted a bond of sympathy between him and the young Scotch painter. They also shared an enthusiastic love of animals, and established a common proprietorship in a certain black bull-terrier, of marvellous parts and education, yclept *Peter*, who resided by turns with one and the

other while they both remained at Oxford, and once healed a quarrel between them by standing still in the middle of the street when they met, and looking from one to the other, quite unable to understand how his two masters could pass each other without notice. Struck by the silent reproof, they each turned back, shook hands, and continued their walk together, to Peter's great joy. He finally became the sole property of my father, who used to delight our childish ears with tales of his sagacity.*

* One of his favourite anecdotes was as follows: On one occasion during his professorship at the R. M. College, Marlow, he had walked over after College hours to dine at Rickmansworth, Peter as usual accompanying him. The walk was a long one (even for a man who had walked from Paris to Rome); but those who knew it well could curtail it by crossing a stile and taking a footpath across a large meadow, thus avoiding a considerable curve in the highroad. My father passed a pleasant evening with his friends; and, the party breaking up late, he was offered a bed at a neighbouring house, which he at first thought of accepting, and started with his proposed host and hostess. But his mind misgave him that he might not awake early enough to be punctual at the College next morning, and on reaching the gate which opened on their property, he announced his intention of walking on to Marlow. In vain they protested and urged the late hour, the dark night, the fatigue that would unfit him for his next day's work. Such suggestions had little weight with his vigorous manhood; and, whistling Peter to his heels, he took leave of his friends, and started along the dusky lanes, with the clanging yee-yah of the iron gate sounding fainter in his receding ears.

When some miles along his way, he missed Peter from his

In the month of February 1808, John Christian Schetky was appointed to the junior professorship of civil drawing at the Royal Military College at Great Marlow, and took up his quarters there, without, however, dropping altogether his connection with Oxford. The only reminiscences which he has left of his sojourn at Marlow are in some cool placid sketches of its neighbourhood, and some characteristic letters addressed to him while there by his favourite

side, and heard him yelping at a little distance back. Thinking he had wandered away on a raid into the neighbouring rabbit-warrens, he stopped and pulled out the boatswain's whistle which he always carried, to whistle him up. One call was generally enough for the terrier, but this time he would not come, only responding to his master's summons by urgent remonstrating yelps; and when repeated commands at length brought him, it was to run to and fro, whining along the road they had just traversed, till at last my father turned back with him, wondering what ailed the dog. Thereupon Peter's delight knew no bounds, and with many glad barks and wags of the tail, he trotted on till they came to a stile, which had escaped his master's notice in the dark, but which the dog sprang through, and then waited wistfully for him to follow.

"Nonsense, Peter! that was a grass field we came through this afternoon. You are wrong this time," said my father, turning away. But Peter's howl of disappointment made him examine the place again, and a more careful investigation of the landmarks showed him that Peter's instinct had not misled him —inasmuch as it proved to be the very same field which they had crossed on their way to Rickmansworth, but which had been ploughed up in the interval between their going and returning, and which he had consequently not recognised.

brother Alexander—by that time a surgeon in the 3d Dragoon Guards, and a talented amateur artist in water-colours—and his friend Edward Trevenen, who had taken his degree, and was spending some time at his father's country-house near Helston, Cornwall.

A lady, who some years ago renewed her acquaintance with my father as the wife of one of his former pupils, says that she remembers meeting him, when as a young girl she was staying at Marlow, in the house of Mr Foster, who had a fine collection of pictures, and who, whenever he added to it, always remarked, "I must send for young Schetky to give me his opinion of my new picture. On one occasion he came into the room where she was sitting, laughing heartily, and exclaimed, "I have just found young Schetky on his knees before my new Vanderveldt!"

In a letter from Alexander Schetky to his youngest sister, dated "Shoreham, August 6th, 1808," occurs the following passage:—

"John has just been with me. I certainly was not a little astonished one night to hear my name pronounced in the street of Southampton by a tall figure who thrust out his hand, and to

recognise John and our mutual friends George Delamotte and *Peter*. He was with us some days at Southampton, where we walked, sailed, sketched, bathed, heard the Miss Marrets play and sing, and enjoyed ourselves in the most delightfully idle manner. He then went to Jersey, and landed (after visiting all those islands) at Weymouth, not doubting but on his return he would find me at Southampton, but we had unexpectedly marched for Chichester. He followed us thither, and, owing to the course the mail-coach takes, had to walk the last nine miles amidst rain and thunder, himself labouring under fatigue and a severe cold. Happening to ask some of the men who did not know I was in the quarter, he was answered that I was most likely at Arundel. Then went he about from room to room. I happened to be drawing at the moment, and perceiving a shade upon my paper I looked up to see the cloud. John was looking into my window! his face expressive of fatigue and melancholy; he had looked that way by mere chance, and was about to have gone to Arundel. Never did we meet under such interesting circumstances. It was almost dark, and while he told me all his adventures, and shook off all his misfortunes,

I made the tea (N.B. good fire)! The two days we remained together he did little else but draw, I reading to him. He then set off for Marlow, from whence he has not as yet written. Three or four days afterwards I marched to this place, and so, here I am, not yet comfortably settled. . . .

"You must not expect John this summer, as he has not obtained the leave he expected; so that until Christmas you will not have the happiness of seeing him."

The letter proceeds with some interesting criticisms on art, and advice as to his sisters' studies in painting, and ends with the following sentence: "We have heard that we shall be sent to Spain; and, although these reports are often false, I should not be surprised if it proved true.* But if so, it will only be a temporary absence, which I trust would not distress you on my account. I have just room to present my love and duty to my father, Mary, Jean, and old Betty. God bless you, my dear Caroline!"

I must not omit to mention that, during his

* The report here alluded to did prove true, and the next visit paid by John Schetky to his soldier-brother was in Lord Wellington's camp in Portugal, during his Christmas vacation from Marlow in 1810-11.

annual visits to his old home in Edinburgh at the Oxford long vacations, my father had been in the habit of making sketching-tours in different parts of Scotland; and on one of these occasions, in the summer of 1807, had undertaken, at the request of Sir Walter (then Mr) Scott, to illustrate his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and for that purpose visited the various scenes described in the poem. It is to these illustrations that allusion is made in the following letter of congratulation, received by my father on the occasion of his appointment to the Royal Military College in 1808.

"DEAR SCHETKY,—You do me bare justice in believing that I take sincere interest in whatever concerns you, and that I rejoice in your obtaining a steady and comfortable settlement, which seems to be of a nature desirable in every respect, and leaving plenty of time for your prosecuting your art. It will be a little tiresome to teach boobies who will now and then make straight rivers and crooked buildings; but then you will have frequent opportunities to bring forward a lad of genius, and that will compensate for the irksome task of teaching those who will not or cannot learn.

"Messrs Longman and Rees have not sent your engravings to Scotland, at least that I have heard of. I am very curious to see them. I am sure old Kimie* will make a capital figure. Mr Millar the bookseller, Albemarle Street, proposes to be at Ashestiel this summer; perhaps he would take care of my copy if sent to him, properly packed, and with a note. I hope your English friends will not so far engross your vacations as to prevent our seeing you now and then in the summer.

"Westall has made some very splendid designs from 'Marmion,' with minute and most laudable attention to ancient costume. Moreover, I sate last spring at the request of the bookseller to Raeburn for a full-length portrait seated under the fragment of an old tower, with Hermitage Castle in the background. Camp is also introduced, *couchant*, as the heralds call it. The connoisseurs think it the best portrait Raeburn has ever done.† I fancy it will be in the next Exhibition.

* "His dog Camp.—J. C. S." (Note by my father.)

† This is the well-known portrait, now the property of the Duke of Buccleuch—one of the many special attractions of the remarkable collection of Raeburn's works exhibited in Edinburgh during October and November 1876.

"Mrs Scott joins me in wishing you joy and all success in your new appointment; and I am, with regard, yours very sincerely,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"ASHESTIEL, *14th August.*"

It was during this sketching-tour for the 'Lay' that my father arrived one night on the banks of the Tweed not far from Selkirk, where was a ferry by which he intended to cross, and so make his way to Ashestiel, where he was sure of a welcome and a bed. The boat-house was on the opposite bank of the river some little way up, and it being a "dark, dark night, and all still and silent," there appeared no means of communicating with the ferryman. While hesitating what to do next, he was joined by a shepherd, who, on perceiving the situation, calmly remarked that they must "just ca' an' ca' on the lad till we get the boat across." They accordingly proceeded to shout with all the strength of their united lungs, though for some time without success. At length a glimmer of light appeared, and a man's voice was heard far away across the river calling faintly, "I'm comin'!" To which the shepherd rejoined dryly, "Ye're comin'? The deil ye're comin'!

Sae's the Tweed at Peebles!" (some ten miles higher up).

It was during this excursion also that John Schetky encountered the Ettrick Shepherd. It was, as was appropriate, on the hillside above "sweet St Mary's Loch," of which he had been making two sketches, that he saw coming towards him a big man wrapped in a plaid and attended by a couple of collie-dogs. Having heard that he was likely to meet "The Shepherd" thereabouts, he accosted him by name; and on telling who he was and what was the object of his tour, Hogg at once gave him a cordial welcome. They spent some hours together, whether on the open brae, amid the suggestive glories of the Border hills, or in the Shepherd's cottage hard by, I cannot say with certainty; but I believe that Hogg invited his new acquaintance to "come in and take a glass of whisky-punch with him." On parting he directed my father to a farmhouse that lay in the way to his next point of interest, and assured him that he would find there a welcome and a lodging on telling the good people *who* had sent him to them—an assurance which was justified by the result. An anecdote told by Hogg to my father about one of his own dogs

will interest dog-lovers. He had either sold or given one of his collie-dogs to a neighbouring sheep-farmer. Some little time afterwards, while tending his own flocks, he saw a dog appear over the brow of a neighbouring hill beyond which lay the farm to which his former companion had been sent. It trotted towards him till within cognisable distance, and then sat down and steadily regarded its old master with a reproachful expression. The Shepherd went towards him, but the collie immediately retreated; he stopped—the dog again sat down and gazed wistfully at him; he called and whistled—the dog did not move. He again tried to diminish the distance between himself and his old friend, but in vain—the dog retreated in exact proportion to the man's advances; and never after would he come within speaking distance of the master who, in his canine apprehension, had so lightly valued his faithful service as to consent to part with him; though ever and anon he would come and gaze from the hillside upon his former owner and his early charge.

The following letter from Sir Walter Scott acknowledged the receipt of the drawings finished from the sketches taken during this tour.

"My dear Sir,—Your beautiful drawings arrived this day in safety, and amply outdid all our expectations, although these were founded, not upon your own modest expressions, but upon our knowledge of your talents. I am ashamed to think how cheaply you have laboured, and have only to hope a time may come when I can make a recompense more worth accepting. The drawings are really superb; and the introduction of the greyhounds and horsemen in the view of Elibank not only adds life to the scene, but is a flattering compliment to my favourite sport. I observe I am about to take the wall in good style on my black charger.

"I observe the request of your friend in the letter enclosed in the box, and am sorry I can give him no light on the subject of his inquiries. It is indeed very difficult to guess the reasons for which arms were formerly assigned or assumed by particular families. Certainly the Kirkpatricks did not assume the cushions as an emblem of repose, for they were, as appears by history and tradition, an active and warlike race. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe of Hoddam, whom you may have known at Christ Church, is the only person who, I think, is likely to pos-

sess any particular information on the subject of the family of Closeburn, from which his own is descended. But I am uncertain if he is at Hoddam just now, for having written to him some time ago I have not received an answer. He is possessed of much family and traditionary lore.

"I hope your new duties will not so closely confine you as to prevent your visiting Tweedside in the ensuing summer, when I trust you will find your way to Ashestiel. I am at present so extremely harassed by public business, that I am obliged hastily to conclude with assuring you that,—I ever am your obliged and faithful friend,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"EDINBURGH, *7th January* 1808.*

"Mrs Scott joins me in all the good wishes of the season. She begs me to say she is quite enchanted with the drawings, which will render her drawing-room one of the smartest in Edinburgh. The copy of the illustrations of the 'Lay' which Longman & Co. were good enough to send me, was a most superb affair."

* This date is evidently put inadvertently, that on the postmark of the letter being 1809.

The allusion to 'Marmion' in the first of the foregoing letters calls to mind my father's description of a visit paid by him to his poet-friend in 1807; when he and another old school-fellow "Willie Allan" (afterwards Sir William Allan, President of the Royal Scottish Academy), went out from Edinburgh to call upon Scott at Ashestiel, and found him in the garden with his dogs. Here they strolled about together all the afternoon; and at length, as they sat on a bank with the dogs at their feet, Scott began reciting poetry, stanza after stanza of glowing description and thrilling incident, striking his stick on the grass in time to the rhythm, to the intense delight of his listeners. A summons to supper passed unheeded; and at length the shrill voice of Mrs Scott herself was heard, exclaiming, "Why don't you come in, Scott? The supper is all getting cold, while you are sitting there like an old fool telling long stories to the gentlemen!"

Then he rose up, with a thump of his stick on the ground of a more impatient nature, and led the way to the house, where they sat down sulkily enough to the dish of *sowens*, which seemed just then particularly prosaic.

When 'Marmion' came out shortly after-

wards, John Schetky and William Allan sought each other book in hand, saying: "Look here! don't you remember this bit the day we were at Ashestiel? And here again, didn't he repeat all this to us? He must have been writing it just then."

In the summer of 1809, Professor Wilson, the far-famed "Christopher North," came to stay with John Schetky at Marlow. A letter from the latter to one of the daughters of his old friend, bearing date 1862, but never sent (probably because he afterwards thought it too late to be of use), gives some of his reminiscences of this visit.

"KENT TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,
13th November 1862.

"MY DEAR MRS GORDON,—I have lately been much pleased and interested in hearing from everybody of your well-deserved success in favouring the world with a knowledge of the manifold and extraordinary talents and benevolent character of my old and esteemed Oxford friend, your lamented father, 'The Professor;' and sincerely do I regret that I could not assist you in your pious occupation with more jottings —indeed I really forget if I ever sent you any!

. . . but let me hope it is not yet too late. I say this because, during a fatiguing task of looking up hundreds of old letters (to burn them) ever since Monday last (this is Friday), in the *very last packet* I found the very 'fragment' which the Professor wrote in my house at Great Marlow in the year 1809; and I am, or rather I shall be, quite delighted if it proves to be of any use to you in the second edition of your most valuable and interesting work.

"As it requires some explanation, I must begin at the beginning. When I was elected from Oxford to one of the professorships at the Royal Military College at Marlow, your kind father paid me a visit, accompanied by our mutual and intimate friend Sam Selwood of Magdalen College.* We were abundantly happy, you will easily suppose, for the ten days that they remained with me; and one day we went in a boat up the Thames to an old abbey (Maidenhead Abbey), with good store in baskets to eat and drink, &c., &c., &c. Our party consisted of 'The Professor,' Sam Selwood,

* Son of Samuel Selwood, Esq. of Abingdon, Berks. Matriculated at Oxford in 1800, took his M.A. degree in 1807, and became Fellow of his College. Was Bursar in 1810 and 1815. Died in the Abbey at Abingdon on the 25th December 1819.

Signor Francalanza, Professor Delamotte, Professor Mills,* and your humble servant. Off we rowed in great glee; and on our return about ten o'clock (a fine moonlight night), while we were in one of the canal locks, and Delamotte was actively employed on shore turning off the water, Francalanza and Mills jumped out of the boat and coolly walked back to my house in Marlow! I had observed on our way up the river in the morning some old rotten stumps of posts; and now in the lock again, I told Selwood to shove his boat's bow off the shore or we should be upset in a few minutes; but as I could not call his attention to my advice, and as I found the boat's keel touching one of the posts, I jumped forward to the bow of the boat and scrambled up one of the *new* posts. I had not got to the top of it when I heard the boat upset with a splash, and all was silent for a few minutes! Then up came the Professor and poor Sam Selwood, puffing and blowing, as you may imagine, for breath. I could not speak for fright, while I sat up there on the top of the post (like cock-robin upon his pole!); but I was very soon brought to my

* Messrs Delamotte and Mills were fellow-professors with my father at Marlow College.

senses by finding my heel fast in the powerful grip of the Professor's fist. He had embraced my new post, and climbed up, and nearly pulled me off my perch.

"'Let go my foot—oh, let go my foot, till I "*hirsel*" along this plank and give you my place!' (The *new* posts had planks from one to another.) I got to the next post, and left the Professor on my old place, admonishing poor Selwood, who was—as if on horseback—on the bottom of the boat. Ultimately, the people of an adjacent mill came with lanthorns to our assistance; and when we all got safe on shore, nothing would serve the Professor but that we should all join hands (millers and all) and sing 'God save the King!' walking round and round in a circle all the time! which, being hastily performed, we walked back to my astonished sister, who was then keeping house for me at Marlow; and after rigging my dripping friends in dry clothes, we finished the eventful day with many good songs, and a glass of toddy. My loss upon the occasion was rather considerable; being certain knives, silver forks, silver spoons, my guitar, plates, dishes, &c., &c., all left at the bottom of the canal. Next morning the Professor expressed his feel-

ings with regard to the shabby conduct of Mills in leaving us to our fate in the canal; and after finding out from me what his duty was at the Military College, he took a pen and wrote off-hand the 'fragment,' and having read it aloud to my sister and me, crushed it up and flung it into the fire; but luckily my memory served me to write a correct copy of it on the instant.

"On the same day 'The Professor' set off *on foot* to London, in my shoes (too small to let in his heels) and a grey, duffle morning house-coat, to see the Exhibition of the Royal Academy—met Charles Burney, who was astonished to see him so clothed: next day he walked back to dinner and a jolly evening at Marlow.

"During the fitting out of a squadron of men-of-war on a trial of speed, he wrote to me in great anxiety to get him a passage in *any* craft to see the match; he said, 'A 10-gun brig in extremity! And tell your friends among the captains that I am a *fresh-water sailor* with a *salt-water soul!*' I did as he bid me; and my friend Captain Glascock said, 'Tell Wilson to come on board my ship, and I'll give him the best entertainment I can for *men and sea-horses!*' But he got on board the Vernon frigate, and was very comfortable there. Pray

excuse this clumsy scrawl; and I remain, dear Mrs Gordon, yours most faithfully,

"J. C. SCHETKY.'

In December 1810, John Christian Schetky obtained leave from the College authorities at Marlow to spend the Christmas vacation at the seat of war in Portugal, where his brother John Alexander was then stationed with his regiment, the 3d Dragoon Guards; and it is matter of much regret to me that we have no written records of this visit, so that I can only give such details as live in our memory of the many interesting anecdotes of his sojourn amongst the Peninsular veterans which our father used to relate. But those who knew him well will not need to be reminded that the chief charm of all his stories lay in the telling of them, and will, I am sure, sympathise in my keen sense of inability to do justice to the graphic descriptions and gleeful humour with which they abounded.

He had already many sailor-friends, and amongst others was well acquainted with Captain the Honourable F. P. Irby, who, about the time of which I now write, commissioned the Amelia frigate (38 guns) under orders for the

Spanish coast. To him my father resolved to apply for a passage; and accordingly (having supplied *Peter* with a spiked collar for his weapon in the enemy's country, and himself with plenty of sketching materials, and some *soap* as the most acceptable present he could think of for his brother and the other officers at the seat of war), he started by the night mail for Portsmouth, and next morning waited upon the Port-Admiral, Sir William Hargood, for leave to go on board the Amelia, which lay at Spithead, and was already preparing to weigh anchor. But Port-Admirals were not to be easily spoken with at that time; and on leaving the Admiralty House, after a long detention there, in joyful possession of the required permission, what was John Schetky's consternation at perceiving that the Amelia frigate was already under way! To jump into a wherry and aid the boatmen in pulling after her with all the strength of his long and powerful arms, was his first action; his second, as they drew within hail, to stand up in the bows waving his handkerchief tied to the end of his stick, and send a long ringing "Ship ahoy!" along the waters of Spithead, till out of every port-hole came an officer's head to see what was the

matter; and then, as he was recognised, an answering shout,—"What! Schetky! Going to the wars? Here, come on board, man! we'll find you a berth, and delighted to have you. Mr So-and-so, have the goodness to heave to and take Mr Schetky on board." Then the hoarse order of the boatswain to back sail, &c., sounded in the anxious ears of the pursuer; and so, with Peter at his heels, he soon stood on the spot dearest to him in all the world—the quarter-deck of an English man-of-war—receiving the hearty greetings of her gallant officers.*

Arrived on the Portuguese coast, my father took leave of his naval friends and proceeded towards Cartaxo, the headquarters of the British army at that time. Wearying of the somewhat tedious conveyances of the country, he resolved to make the last day's journey on foot; and as he took the road early on a lovely winter morning, and climbed the hilly range which divided him from the English district, with a heart full of eager anticipation—the beauty of the country, the sweetness of the air, and the brilliancy of

* Since the above was written, a letter has been found showing that my father's first intention was, by permission of Admiral Sir Roger Curtis, to sail in the Antelope, Captain Carpenter; but she had already left Spithead before he arrived.

the sunshine, soothed his restless anxiety to reach his goal, and made him linger here and there to jot down a pencil sketch or two in remembrance of his first walk in Portugal.

At length the hill-top was reached; and as he paused to take breath, a great shadow crossed the sunny sky, and shading his eyes to see, he descried two noble eagles sweeping slowly along through the clear atmosphere high above him.

Another minute and his attention was attracted by sounds of firing in the valleys to the eastward, caught up and re-echoed from hill to hill around him; and turning in that direction, he saw the gleam of red uniforms amongst the smoke, and perceived that a smart skirmish (if no more) was going on between the British outposts and some of the French troops. After watching this for some time—till the fighting grew more and more distant, and at length disappeared into the far-away passes — he proceeded on his way; but a sudden turn in the road brought him again to a stand; for there, far below him, but full in view, lay the close orderly ranks of the British camp; and from its midst there rose to his ears, through the clear still air, the well-known notes of the Scotch

bagpipes—so dear to Scotch ears, so thrilling to Scotch hearts.

"I thought I saw my father and mother, and our own old house in Edinburgh," he used to say; "and I just threw myself down on the heather, and grat like a bairn."

Not for long, however; and then there were no more halts that day, but a hasty scramble down the mountain-side, with small attention to beaten tracks, till he found himself in the quarters of the 3d Dragoon Guards, and brought his brother to a stand on his way back from hospital duty.

Joyfully did the doctor and the artist proceed together to the lodging of the former—a wretched enough room in one of the deserted houses of the poor little town, where the only bed Alexander had to offer his brother was an old tea-chest; but they thought little of that in the delight of meeting.

The news of the fresh arrival from England soon spread amongst Dr Schetky's brother officers, and they all united in giving the artist a hearty welcome. There was not much doing at headquarters during those winter months; and the officers off duty often rode out with John Schetky when he went on long sketching

expeditions amongst the hills surrounding the camp. During one of these, about a week after his arrival, his attention was attracted by firing far away on the horizon, which, owing to his unusually long sight, was visible to him some time before he could persuade the officers who were his companions that anything was going on. At length the field-glasses of one or two of them verified his assertions; but all joined in assuring him that it was accounted for by the pigeon-shooting with which the outpost men, when off duty, often amused themselves. His sketch ended, they returned to the camp, to find a summons for the artist to the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, to whom his arrival had been reported. Of this interview I can give no detailed account; but the result was an order to Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan) to supply Mr Schetky with a letter "to general officers and others in command of posts," &c., &c., acquainting them that "the bearer, Mr Schetky, has leave to take sketches of the country, to draw plans of positions," &c., and requesting that "he may be allowed to proceed unmolested, and be assisted with provisions and forage." This done, my father was taking leave, when Lord Wellington in-

terrupted him to say. "You will dine with me to-day?"

And so they parted for the time.

"Well, John, I have invited the officers of my mess to meet you at dinner to-day at my quarters," was Dr Schetky's greeting, as he met his brother returning from this interview.

"But, my good fellow, the Chief has just invited me to dine with him! What's to be done?"

"He has! Well, that's a command; of course you must go, and we must do the best we can without you."

At the appointed time my father set out for Lord Wellington's house; and as he made his way through the narrow dirty streets, he met the guests who had been invited to do him honour proceeding towards his brother's quarters, each man carrying his day's rations at the end of his fork or his sword, as the case might be, and having his spoon stuck into his button-hole in place of a flower.

"Hollo, Schetky! why, where are you off to? We're just coming to dine with you!"

"I know you are, my dear fellows, and I am uncommonly sorry to miss you; but, you see, I've an invitation to headquarters."

"Oh, well, that can't be helped. You'll bring us the news when you come back. A pleasant evening to you, then."

Who were the other guests at the Commander-in-Chief's table that evening I do not know; but towards the end of dinner the door opened, and an officer wrapped in a large grey cloak, and splashed from head to foot with mud as if he had ridden hard, entered, and walked silently through the apartment to an inner room curtained off at the further end. No notice was taken of this visitor, but a few minutes later Lord Wellington rose and followed him; and then a sudden silence fell upon the party round the dinner-table, and each man looked at his neighbour with whispered surmises as to "what's up." Presently the Chief returned and resumed his seat without explanation, and conversation proceeded as before; till, at an early hour, he rose, stuck his thumbs in his belt and looked silently round, upon which his guests at once took leave. My father returned to Dr Schetky's quarters, where he and his brother officers sat over their wine expecting his return, and was greeted with exclamations of, "Well, Schetky, what's the shave to-day?"

He told what had occurred; whereupon they looked at each other, and then one after another took hasty leave and departed to prepare for a sudden summons.

John and Alexander Schetky sat up talking for some time, and had at length just got to bed when the drums beat to muster, and they turned out again into the dark streets (which pouring rain had by this time converted into torrent-beds), to meet men hurrying from all directions towards the principal square of the town. There they sat on their horses till five in the morning in the rain and pitch-dark expecting orders to march; but none came, and at last the drums beat to quarters again. It proved to have been a false alarm consequent upon the tidings brought by Colonel Gordon (the officer who had passed through the room during dinner), that the firing which my father had noticed in the morning indicated the capture, by Marshal Junot's division, of a convoy of salt on its way to the British headquarters.

Shortly after this occurrence, John Schetky left Cartaxo on a sketching-tour through the seat of war, and he and Alexander did not meet again before his return to England. He made

a great mistake, and one which he afterwards much regretted, in not returning to Cartaxo to submit his sketches to the Commander-in-Chief before leaving Portugal; for Lord Wellington was much offended on hearing that he had left without taking leave of him in due form, and never forgave the apparent, though unintentional disrespect—which, however, was caused by a laudable desire to return in good time for his college duties at Great Marlow.

Some extracts from a letter of Dr Schetky's to his brother, about a month after they had separated, may not be uninteresting.

"CARTAXO, *March* 4, 1811.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I was beginning to be uneasy about your silence when I got a letter from you from Sobral, and the same day another from Lisbon, in which you interdicted my journey to you, and said you would on my receipt of the letter be on board; so that if you sailed on the 17th you probably are well over by this time.

"I was very sorry at not seeing you, as it would have been a great pleasure to both of us to have compared notes and learnt if each had

been surprised and amused by the same things. I gave you great credit for getting aboard a sloop-of-war — that was characteristic; and I feared you would have had a dreadful night of it going down from Villada, as indeed you must if you had gone that night. . . . I should like to know something of your tour; if you went into the convent of Mafra, or saw the mosaic pictures in St Roque, Lisbon. . . . Meanwhile I have been drawing now and then; got half through 'Alcobaca;' but having, after careful reckoning, discovered that 'Celerico' will not have more than just time to get your length before the Exhibition, I plainly observe that the other will not be finished before it opens, so send you 'Celerico,' and some half-finished things, which I have, for the use of your boys, left you to finish for yourself. . . . No public news, but the defeat and dispersion of Porto Carrero's Spanish army (those of Villa Franca) between Elvas and Badajos; they were taken napping in the night, and had not even a sentry on the watch. The garrison of Badajos, however, holds bravely out: at one midnight sally they killed twelve hundred French, but lost very many officers themselves. Don Julian has been playing the devil amongst the French

escorts, and the other day attacked a reinforcement with 300 mules' load of biscuit, which, having taken, he sent down here to us. To-day it is said he has taken some French general and his aide-de-camp on detached duty.

"One of his pupils, who lately entered into the service in the King's German Legion Hussars at Riomayor, is in the habit of *taking* the French pickets at night, though in two instances they were four times his number — his last capture was of an ambush laid to revenge his first! He was an *élève* of Don Julian, but is by birth a German: his name, I understand, is *Schultze*, though frightfully mangled in our orderly books.

"The shave to-day is that Santarem is on fire, and there certainly seems to be an immense brown smoke in that quarter; Lord Wellington and all the big-wigs are rode out to look—it may be some partial or accidental fire.

"Expecting to hear very shortly of your welfare,—I am, dear John, affectionately yours,

"J. A. SCHETKY.

"*Apropos*, mind and remember me to F. Home and all other acquaintances.

"*March 6th.**—The fire was real; the French are off, and we after them—*half an hour's notice.*"

The drawing of "Celerico" alluded to in this letter was sent by John Schetky, together with one of his own, a view of Santarem, to the exhibition of the "Associated Painters in Water Colours," and was most honourably received. A letter to my father from the president of the society bears the following testimony to its merits:

"DEAR SIR,—Though Mr Francis has, I suppose, acknowledged the receipt of your brother's sketch, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of assuring you how highly I admire it, which you will believe when I acquaint you that, upon my proposal, a screen will be immediately put up before my best picture for the purpose of exhibiting it in the most conspicuous manner. . . . Will you have the goodness to send the most *minute* account you are able of everything in the least interesting that relates to the scene,

* My uncle here refers to the retreat of Marshal Massena from the strong position at Santarem which he had maintained through the winter of 1810-11.

as we shall make a fuss about it? As I may not have occasion to write to you again, I would wish to add that this institution, though rising in reputation daily, has great struggles to make, and that great exertions *will* and *must* be made before the next year. It is, therefore, much in your own and your brother's power to contribute to its success, and I assure you in so doing, you will serve the arts in general. Permit me to hint that your drawings would be rendered more effective by the addition of a rich and deep style of colouring, though preserving a broad and powerful light. They are otherwise much admired for truth and freedom. The best size for exhibition pictures is that of your view of Santarem, or a little larger. You will excuse this liberty, and believe me, dear sir, your very obedient servant, H. RICHTER.

"*May 3d*, 1811,
"26 Newman Street, Oxford Street."

My father always remembered this tribute to his brother's artistic talents, and used to tell us of it in after-years with fond pride. His love and admiration for this younger brother were enthusiastic; and even in extreme old age his memories of him were always fresh, and his

stories of him were told with tearful eyes. Some notes of one of these anecdotes, told us by him one evening in May 1864, will not be out of place here.

"Do you remember," he said, "the story of my brother Alick, in the Peninsular war, when a French cavalry regiment came suddenly upon the 3d Dragoon Guards, and instantly turned about and fled? The 3d Dragoon Guards went after them like mad, and soon overtook them; and then commenced skirmishing — hand-to-hand fighting—every man with his sword and pistols. They soon began to drop; and as they kept retreating and fighting, Alick dismounted, twisted his horse's bridle over his arm, and went in among the poor fellows, some of whom were dead enough, and others dying or less severely wounded, and crying to him to help them.

"Here an Irishman crying, 'Ach, doctor, our own doctor! is it these spalpeens of Frenchmen ye're going to help before ye come to us?'

"And there a Frenchman entreating, 'Ah, monsieur le médecin!'

"So he went on doing all he could for French and English alike, when up came his old, *old* friend (great friends they were before he was in the army, and I knew him intimately at Ports-

mouth), Billy Lyte. 'My dear Schetky, what are you doing here?' 'Come and see what I'm doing.' So he dismounted and stood by watching, when ere very long, to their astonishment, they saw the 3d Dragoon Guards coming back, flying like the wind, and the French after *them*. You see they had led the English into a trap by a *ruse de guerre*. Alick did not look up, but as they galloped past, the French colonel shouted, 'Bravo, monsieur le médecin! brave garçon!'

"This I heard, not from Alick himself (for he was *so* quiet that thousands of things of the same kind that he did I only heard from friends of his), but from Billy Lyte, who would not leave him, but stayed walking about after him, and was probably mistaken for his assistant. However, after the soldiers were out of sight, Alick persuaded him to remount and go on his business, which was to scour the country and take notes of all that was going on. As for Alick, he went on with his pious work, until, after an hour or so, he saw a French officer, attended by six or eight soldiers, coming towards him. He was beginning to unbuckle his sword in order to give it up, when the officer prevented him, saying, 'Non, non, monsieur, pas du tout; I come

not to take your sword, but to conduct you to your colonel.'

"So he waited for Alick till he had done all that lay in his power, and then escorted him to the colonel to be thanked and applauded, and sent back honourably, with a trumpeter, to his regiment!"

It is impossible to describe the fond and proud emotion with which my father related this incident.

CHAPTER III.

In the spring of 1811, John Christian Schetky retired from his post of junior professor of drawing at the Royal Military College at Marlow, under circumstances which caused him much annoyance.

The staff of professors being at that time reduced, the two last appointed were requested to resign without receiving any compensation, and almost without warning, so that to the outer world so sudden a dismissal might convey the idea of some misconduct on the part of those so dealt with, and this my father keenly felt. His brother professors and friends at Marlow, with whom he was a great favourite, warmly sympathised in his feelings, and, on his leaving Marlow for London in May 1811, they addressed to him the following memorial :—

"R. M. COLLEGE, *May* 8, 1811.

"The friends of Mr Schetky sincerely hope that it will not be unacceptable to his present feelings to know that they cannot, without the deepest regret, take leave of one of their society, under circumstances so repugnant to their own ideas of equity and good faith. Unwelcome, however, as that compulsory measure must be to every one connected with him, either by office or intimacy, yet they feel a pleasure in assuring him that they shall ever retain the highest opinion of his unblemished conduct and character during his residence at Marlow, and always look back with reluctance upon the procedure which deprived them of so much social worth, ingenuous feeling, and professional ability.

ARTHUR B. EVANS.
H. L. LORING.
MAT. ARNOLD.
T. L. MILLS.
GEORGE DELAMOTTE.
THOS. DELAMOTTE.
W. T. GILPIN.
A. POLCHET.
BARON L. DEFAGES-VAUMALE.
THOMAS LEYBOURNE."

About the same time he received the follow-

ing letter from Mr. Gilpin, the senior professor of drawing at Marlow :—

" 50 UPPER BERKLEY STREET,
May 25, 1811.

" DEAR SCHETKY,—I was disappointed in not meeting with you at Hatchet's, as I do not know when we may meet again. I cannot help expressing my regret at losing you, and at the same time my testimony of the cleverness you have infused into your pupils, who, almost to a man, exceed anything I expected from them when put to draw from examples in a different style from those they had been accustomed to. They do you the highest credit as a master, and will most of them be the ornaments of my hall.

" Perhaps we may see you again at Marlow; if not, I wish you all the success your talents, and the faithful use of them, deserve.—I am, dear Schetky, yours very sincerely,

" W. T. GILPIN."

These good wishes were before long gratified by the appointment of John Christian Schetky to a post he had long coveted—that of Drawing Professor at the Royal Naval College at Ports-

mouth—a position in which his marine tastes and talents had full play, and in which he soon became the beloved companion, as well as the honoured master, of his pupils.

"He brought us a new state of things altogether," said one of them * to me lately. "We were never allowed outside the dockyard gates before he came: but he looked up the college boat directly, and got permission to take us out sketching—and such jolly expeditions as we used to have all along the coast there!

"Ah! I remember his coming well! It must have been in the fall of the year 1811. A fine tall fellow he was, with all the manners and appearance of a sailor—always dressed in navy-blue, and carried his *call*, and used to pipe us to weigh anchor, and so on, like any boatswain in the service."

I must not go further without special mention of the silver boatswain's whistle, which, from the year 1802 to the time of his death, was my father's inseparable companion—even more precious to him than his snuff-box. It was given to him during one of his summer voyages from

* Admiral A. H. Becher, late Assistant Hydrographer to the Admiralty, who since these words were written has closed an active and kindly life.

London to Leith, by William Nisbet, captain of one of the gallant old "Leith smacks," whose quaint build and crowded canvas are scarcely remembered in the present fast and fussy age of steam. He used to tell how, delighted with his new possession, he left his fellow-passengers on the after-deck, and went forward, to puzzle-out, unheard and unlaughed-at, the different "calls" with which he had become familiar amongst his naval friends. But it is one thing to interpret the calls of a bos'n's whistle, and quite another to pipe them; and he soon became very melancholy over his ineffectual attempts to "pipe the side!" and was sitting on a coil of rope dejectedly eyeing his treasure when one of the crew (with all of whom he was a great favourite) came up, and, pulling his forelock, remarked—

"Yer honour doesn't seem to know just what to do with that 'ere pipe."

"No, my man, I don't. Can you tell me anything about it?"

"Ay, sir, I know it well; I served aboard a man-of-war many a year when I was a young chap. If yer honour pleases, I can show ye all the calls."

"Come along, then!" And sitting side by

side on the hawser, the improvised lesson was soon in full swing, and was succeeded by many another in the course of the voyage; so that, by the time he reached Edinburgh, John Schetky was able to electrify his father and sisters by announcing his arrival in truly nautical fashion. Thenceforward it became a sort of second speech to him—he had special whistles for his friends, for his pupils, for his dog, and afterwards for his wife and children: it was the great feature in the sailors' songs for which he became famous; the blithe signal of his approach for which we always listened; the amusement of his old age when flute and guitar and violoncello were laid aside.

At Greenwich Hospital, when the late Admiral Sir James Gordon was its honoured governor, and my father was his constant visitor, the grey parrot in the hall knew his bos'n's whistle well; and so soon as she heard his voice at the door, uplifted a scream in exact anticipatory imitation of the notes she expected from it. "All well?" he would ask; and then came the long ringing "call," answered immediately from the room where his old friend sat, by the kind cheery greeting which never failed him in that house,—"Come along, Schetky!

There's only one man out of the service that can do that."

The donor of this beloved whistle is perpetuated in a characteristic sketch, evidently taken at the time; and under it is ruled the treble stave, with the notes of the various calls. A few words follow giving the date at which he received it, and adding, "And it is in my pocket now. 1868."

The next record I find of my father's private interests at this time is in two letters written by him to his brother Alexander—the one in the spring, and the other in the summer, of the following year.

"R. N. COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH,
April 26, 1812.

"MY DEAR ALICK,—Doubt ye not that I was delighted to observe that your name was not among the killed and wounded before Badajoz. We had the news of the surrender of that fortress to-day; and after devouring the Gazette, I lose no time in congratulating you on the occasion. I have now to tell you of the safe arrival of all the sketches, contained in a case of curious material and workmanship. They are one and all of them *most beautiful*—particularly the two finished drawings, which are already adorning

the walls of our exhibition in Bond Street: they just arrived in time. I marked the 'Villa Cova' at twenty guineas, and 'Avo' at ten guineas, and so good luck to them! I sincerely hope they will sell, for your honour and accommodation. I shall send this per packet for expedition, as you will naturally be anxious to hear of their safe arrival, particularly as I wrote to you by young Buckeridge of the Guards, saying I had not received them, though at the very time they were on board of a transport at Spithead. . . . I had some thoughts of exhibiting in the Society your sketches of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, but they are hardly finished enough. . . . Neale says in his letter that Dr Ferguson, in a letter to him, tells Neale that he is not forgetting Schetky; but if I were that Schetky I would jog the doctor's elbow by a letter. Now do! Write *frequently*.—Yours affectionately, J. C. SCHETKY."

"ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, PORTSMOUTH,
August 15, 1812.

"MY DEAR ALICK,—To allow Gort to leave these shores without bringing you a letter would indeed argue much indifference, particularly as I have to communicate to you a conversation

which I had with the Director-General, Mr or Dr Weir. Ye must know, then, that I determined to *sport a face*, and speak for you to the Medical Board; and accordingly, went and waited in the room with many others for an audience, which I obtained before some who were there before me. I went boldly up and told him of all your services, and begged he would consider your claims for promotion. He heard me very quietly, and then told me very good-naturedly that you were already removed on the Portuguese staff as *surgeon*. I then apologised, and begged to know *when* your appointment *had taken place*. He went into another room for the purpose of obtaining this information for me, and returned telling me that he found you were recommended, but that the appointment was not just yet made out, but that it would be *immediately*. 'Then,' says I, 'nothing now can come in the way of his immediate promotion?' 'No, no! certainly not; you may depend upon it.' I bowed with thanks, and came away. So much for that; but I wish you could get leave of absence, and come and see me here. If you do, we shall get on in the old happy style: I shall exclude everybody, as in fact there are none in this place who know or care

for the Art. However, if you do not come, don't be surprised if I come to see you again; but that's a very distant prospect. I fear you never received my letter concerning the sketches of Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo? . . . I am just returned from a trip to Edinburgh, where I have not been these five years before; found them all well and merry: went to Elliock * and saw Jean, and had a great deal of fun altogether. Caroline's health is much, *much* improved by her English trip; and I hope to bring up Mary next summer to hear and see all that is to be heard and seen in London, &c.

"I shall be much alarmed if I do not hear from you *very soon*. Only think, I have not heard from you since the fall of Badajoz! Now, do write.

"Meantime, with best wishes to all the regiment, believe me ever your affectionate brother, J. C. SCHETKY.

"I am sure Dr Ferguson will willingly give you leave, if you ask him."

It was not only on his brother's account that John Schetky ventured into the august presence

* Country seat of the Veitch family, where Jane Schetky was then residing.

of medical or other "boards," and bearded great men in their official dens. To obtain a favour for another was all his life one of his greatest pleasures, and he would spare no pains to compass it. At the same time he was the most unbusiness-like of men, and rarely took any trouble about his own affairs, so that it became a saying amongst his friends at Portsmouth, "Look at Schetky going down the street yonder; do you see how fast he is walking? He's on somebody else's business, you may be sure; he never walks like that on his own." His large acquaintance amongst naval men often enabled him to help others through their means, both at that time and long afterwards, when amongst the Lords of the Admiralty he always found one or two old pupils to give him a welcome, and listen to his plea for some struggling youngster or worn-out and forgotten veteran. On one occasion during his residence at Portsmouth, he had the opportunity of doing a kindness to a former brother officer of his at the College at Marlow, which afforded him the greater pleasure as this gentleman had not been on very friendly terms with him during their co-officiate. The day after the departure of the English fleet for Canada, my father was walk-

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ing the bastion at Portsmouth, when he saw pacing the pavement below, in an attitude of the deepest dejection, a figure which, by the stooping shoulders, he recognised as Captain O. of Marlow. Going down to tap him on the shoulder, he was surprised at the grief apparent in his manner. "Why, O., my good fellow, what's the matter?" And he then learnt that Captain O.'s son, who was lingering near, had that day arrived at Portsmouth to join his regiment, which had sailed the day before with the fleet, by which unfortunate mistake not only his passage but probably his newly-acquired commission was forfeited. Now, lying at anchor at Spithead, on the eve of sailing also for Canada, was the Canso, despatch-boat, Commander Croke, an American prize, and a swift and beautiful vessel. While listening to the misfortunes of his old acquaintance from Marlow, my father caught sight of Captain Croke at a little distance talking to some friends of his own, and hurrying up to the group, easily obtained an introduction to him from one of them. "Now, Captain Croke," he said, after they had taken a few turns together, "I am going to take a liberty on our short acquaintance. You see that old gentleman yonder, my friend

Captain O. He has just arrived with his son, who was to sail for Canada in the fleet which weighed anchor yesterday. *Could* you give him a passage?"

"By all means," was the hearty response.

"Conveniently?"

"To be sure."

Away ran my father after poor Captain O. with the good news; and as the Canso was on the eve of setting sail, they with young O. immediately took a wherry and went off to her, finding her commander already on board. He was below with the purser, but immediately called up, "Schetky, come below!"

"Oh, but you're busy!"

"Not at all."

"But Captain O. is here."

"Bring him with you."

They went below, and while taking a glass of wine together, Captain O. endeavoured to induce the gallant commander to receive some consideration for his kindness, but Captain Croke could not be persuaded to take anything but "five pounds for the lad's wine!" "And so," said my father, when he told us the anecdote, touching his heart, "that was a great plaster to me *here*. I never saw O. again. I

called on him some time after when on my way through Marlow, but he was not at home; and though his wife entreated me to stay till he came in—saying, if he missed me, 'Jack would never survive it'—I could not wait for fear of losing the coach, and we never met again."

In some ways, however, John Schetky's readiness to help his friends not unfrequently, during this period of his life, involved him in difficulties; for his own exchequer being generally at a low ebb (owing partly to his contributing what he could out of his small salary towards the support of his aged father), he would sometimes borrow money from one friend to help another, and then from a third to repay the first! Accordingly, he was now and then prevented by want of means from carrying out his own plans, to the disappointment of others besides himself. An instance of this kind occurred in the summer of 1814, when he was prevented paying his promised visit to his father and sisters; a circumstance which drew from him the following letter to his second sister:—

"Royal Naval College,
August 27, 1814.

"I thank you, my dear Jean, for your kind

and welcome letter, which gave me such pleasing information of the comfort of you all. I assure you, my dear sister, your disappointment in not seeing me this summer could not equal mine: my accustomed voyage—the unmixed delight of rushing up-stairs to kiss them all at home—and my beautiful walk over the hills to you,—all these recollections are much more than sufficient to make me melancholy. Doubtless the 'gentle plovers,' in their flight across the well-known wilds of Lammermuir, have many a time cast their little eyes along the road to watch their annual visitor on his way.

Ye sweet companions in my lonely walk,
When may I ever hope again with raptured ear
To listen to the shrillness of your note?
How do I envy you the latitude of life
You there enjoy! And in the palace * where I now repine
Look through the mist of sweet remembrance on that plain
Inspiring ever to the patriot Scot!
For who can view the site of that lone hall
So honoured by the tenant once it held,
And keep his heart from bounding at the sound
Of *Wallace*, dreaded name?

And you, ye naiads of the sylvan Clyde,
By whose enchanting banks I often strayed,
Accept the dictates of a grateful heart

* Farnham Castle, the residence of the then Bishop of Winchester.

For many a rich luxuriant draught
Your crystal waters gave!
Nor am I single when I now express
My obligations to your bounteous flood—
My dear companion on this world's drear stage,
My faithful quadruped, conveys his thanks,
And worships you through me! And well I ween
He owes you much for many a blissful plunge
In your clear azure stream, laving his tired limbs
And panting sides, and (if by his actions I might guess aright)
Did never dog more grateful seem than he!
For oft he'd *dive*, and poke his little snout
Into th' excavation of your hollowed banks,
Anxious to rout the reptile race (of rats),
Destruction to thy finny tribes!

Farewell, ye streams! ye hills and dales, farewell!
My muse has fled, and—hark—the dinner-bell!

"There, Jean! you see into what a state of refined sentiment your dear recollections never fail to plunge me! and you see also how difficult it is for me to *plunge out again!* I spent, alas! my vacation here in this nasty place for want of the power (money) to go anywhere else. I look with pleasure towards a hope I have that ye will come and live with me a while in Portsmouth. I shall then take a house, and you shall hire the servant, and we'll *keep a pig and live pretty!* I expect somehow that we shall have Alick to dine with us at Christmas. Oh

my wig! what fun! what long stories! He has sent me all his sketches; and in one of his sketch-books, after a number of beautiful views, comes a receipt how to make haricot-mutton; then some more drawings, then some observations on cutting off an arm close up to the shoulder-joint; then a treatise on composition, effects, the sky, some long Spanish letters, a long mess-bill, and then—how to stew a beef-steak!

"With love and duty to yourself, dear Jean, and all at home, believe me, my dear Jean, your affectionate brother,

"J. C. SCHETKY."

In 1815 my father's connection with the Royal Family was begun by his appointment to the office of "Painter in Water Colours" to William, Duke of Clarence; and in the spring of 1818 the officers of the marine artillery at Fort Monckton were added to the number of his pupils, so that his duties assumed a wider and more varied aspect, and the circle of his friends became a more extended one.

His hope of a long visit from his sister Jane had been realised; and the Peninsular war being at an end, Alexander Schetky had re-

turned home safe and sound, to be more than ever the joy and pride of the aged father—who, with his two elder daughters, still resided in Edinburgh—and of the admiring brother at Portsmouth, to whom he paid occasional happy visits. Charles Schetky had died just at the end of the siege of Seringapatam, in the midst of what promised to be a brilliant career, from the effects of the bite of a cobra; but George was prospering in the musical profession in America, and had written to beg his youngest sister Caroline to come out and keep house for him; and she had accordingly left *Auld Reekie* for a sojourn in the new world.

I find a letter written by the three in Edinburgh to the one at Portsmouth, in the autumn of 1818, from which I shall take some extracts.

"EDINBURGH, 22*d November* 1818.

". . . Turner* has been here to transact matters relative to the publication of a work comprising views of our Scotch castles. Mr Thomson of Duddingston, Turner, Calcott, Blomer, and Alick are the contributors and proprietors. Turner took sketches of Roslin,

* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

Borthwick, and Dunbar castles, but no one saw them except Walter Scott, who, by the by, is engaged to write for the work. Turner breakfasted with us, and was very gracious; he saw Alick's pictures and mine, and condescended to praise my copies of Havel. We are all, however, provoked at the coldness of his manner. We intended to have had a joyous evening on his account, but finding him such a *stick*, we did not think the pleasure of showing him to our friends would be adequate to the trouble and expense. Nicolson* had his promise to dine with him; and after preparing a feast and having ten fine fellows to make merry with him, Turner never made his appearance! . . . Nothing is doing in the musical world as yet—our next institution concert comes on the 4th of next month; they are getting up the 'Creation.' Mrs Salmon is to sing, and Finlay Dun plays a solo on the violin. . . . Mary sits reading, and Alick writing to Caroline; however, they will both subjoin a *screed* to you. We are anxiously looking for Caroline's journal. Adieu, dearest John.—Yours ever, JANE SCHETKY."

* W. Nicolson, R.S.A., portrait-painter.

"My dear John,—The best news I can tell you is that we are all so comfortable among ourselves that we never think of deriving amusement from any other source; this singing is a great bond, and brings us all into good spirits every evening. . . . I am in the midst of a landscape, in the very agony; it has not as yet 'got the turn,' and I am in some apprehensions concerning its recovery.

"That wayward ecclesiastic Thomson* has just finished a picture, one of the most splendid I have ever set my eyes on. It is good for me to be in communication with him, although the sight of his success almost throws me into despair. Allan, poor fellow, has lately lost his health, and still more his spirits, from excess of mercury; but being now convinced of the cause of his protracted illness, he abstains from it, and will thus probably soon get well. . . . Wilson and Lockhart have been lately much annoyed by a pamphlet called 'Hypocrisy Unveiled,' in which the author inveighs with more justice than talent, and more weight than force, against the spirit of their magazine. . . . I am delighted that you mean to exhibit in the Academy this year: remember that the great requisites are

* Rev. John Thomson, minister of Duddingston.

colour and *more, colour*, controlled or rather dignified by a deep, powerful chiaro-oscuro. I have no fear for the composition, nor for the 'feeling and character' of your works. Oh, if you saw the *terrible* force of some recent productions of Thomson's! Geddes* is here, getting on with an enormous and very clever picture of the Commissioners finding the Regalia of Scotland in the Castle here. I don't know if you know his works, but he is a very extraordinary man, as a colourist inferior to no one in this country.

"I am now sleepy (half-past 12), and if you have read thus far at a stretch, you probably are so too. Fair slumbers to you therefore. Dream of your affectionate brother,

"J. A. SCHETKY."

The Christmas vacation of 1818-19 seems to have been spent by John Schetky amongst various friends, beginning with a visit to Mr and Mrs Edward Trevenen in Devonshire, and ending with one to Lord and Lady Nugent at Lilies, according to an invitation from Lord Nugent, dated "Christmas-day, 1818," in which he says: "The time now approaches wondrous

* Andrew Geddes, A.R.A.

near when the following question must be put to the proof—viz., whether Fate has decided finally against us on the subject of your being allowed ever to see Lilies again. I have forborne asking any questions since I last saw you, for fear that so doing might operate in deciding those wayward influences against us. Pray let me know whether we shall have a chance of seeing you—the sooner the better. We shall be fixtures here till Parliament meets; and always, I need not say how, happy to see you." These visits are alluded to in the following rhyming letter to his father in answer to one in similar style which he had received from him. It is headed—

"TO MY FATHER.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Feb.* 22, 1819.

"Delighted, charmed, and wondrous pleased
To find your Muse her pen had seized,
Addressing the subject of her rhyme
To me, this merry Christmas-time—
Though, while I'm flattered by the lay,
I find that for it I must pay!
But could my creditors but know
As well to reap as how to sow
Their profit of the debts I owe,
Full many a dun I should receive
From clothier, worsted-stocking knave,

And baker, butcher, haberdasher,
In *rhyme*, cum creditor cum casher;
I like my name upon the books
Of grocers, vintners, pastry-cooks—
Such ways to men of taste belong,
As artists and the sons of song.
The daylight gone, and dinner o'er,
We passed our evenings as before
With music, drawing, classic lore.
Ten fleeting suns thus passed away,
And seemed not longer than one day.
'Good-bye, dear Ned!* Madam, adieu!
We're sorry we can't stay with you.'
So off old Peter and I flew.
Hast thou e'er seen on chimney-piece,
Not like the sages of old Greece
(I mean in feature or in dress,
Although for wisdom nothing less),
A nodding smirking mandarin,
With little eyes and shining skin;
Flinging his head from side to side,
Upwards and downwards, as in pride?
So did my aching napper go
From side to side, and to and fro,
As in the rumbling night mail-coach
I dropped asleep, and—dropped my brooch,
That golden gift of precious worth,
A token from my kind friend, North!
At Temple,† it was wondrous gay,
We lived all night, and slept all day.

* His friend Edward Trevenen.

† Temple House, Great Marlow, the seat of Owen Williams, Esq., M.P.

At Rickmansworth, 'twas altered quite,
We lived all day and slept all night.
To Lilies next I bent my course,
Upon my kind Lord Nugent's horse,
Which with a groom he had sent forth
To wait my will at Rickmansworth.
But now my vacant time is o'er,
And back I haste to Hampton's shore,
To go the rounds of this dull College,
Where everything is taught but knowledge.
But e'er my Muse has spun her thread,
A thought has just come in my head—
Perhaps you'll call't a foolish caper,
But if you'll take some twelve stave paper,
And transpose me old Bocherini,
I'll give one, two, three, four, five guinea;
I mean the parts for violoncellos
Made easy for us stupid fellows;
For these infernal tenor clefs
Put us poor amateurs to our shifts,
And there we *thumb* and *scrape away*
Trying to make believe we play.
And now I'll prove I am sincere,
For here's the money, look, see here!
Now write me back as soon's you can,
To tell me if you like my plan,
And all the news that with you passes.
So with my true love to the lasses,
And love and duty to my father,
I will conclude this rhyming blather
With my name—J. C. SCHETKY."

But the summer of 1819 brought the artist a great sorrow in the death of his faithful old

dog, Peter. It was to him the severance of many an old tie, the loss of an inseparable companion; for through the many changes of eighteen years the master and servant had never been parted, and the loving intelligence of the latter had become interwoven with every pursuit and interest of the former. Peter died of sheer old age, and as his strength failed, my father nursed him with untiring care. He used to tell the story of his death somewhat as follows, though it often happened that his voice failed him and his eyes grew dim with tears ere he reached the end.

"I had promised to dine with my friend North at Alverstoke," he would say. "The old dog was very weak, and I left word with the maid to let me know after dinner how he was; and just as the wine was put on the table, they brought me word that Peter was very well. I knew what that meant; and I pushed back my chair, and left the table and all the company sitting at it, and got a boat and went home, and there I found poor Peter dead enough. I wrapped him up and carried him down to the boat, and rowed back across the harbour to North's garden.

"There he met me; and we took a spade and

went away to the far end of the garden, and dug a deep, deep grave, and buried him.

"It was a still, warm summer night, no moon, and not a leaf stirring; and just as we finished patting down the earth over the poor old dog, and stood still a minute to wipe our eyes before coming away, the evening gun came booming through the silent air, and then the shrill, melancholy notes of the bugle.

"Then I took the boat, and went home again."

To this year, also, belongs the sale of the Wanderer, a tiny boat belonging to my father, in which he had been wont to astonish all Portsmouth by curious and unheard-of feats of seamanship. On one occasion, he had been dining with his friends Mr and Miss Marret at Southampton, and having stayed rather later than usual, was urged to remain all night. This, however, he would not do, lest he should be late in College next morning; but resisting the entreaties of his host and hostess, who were alarmed at the darkness of the night, he jumped into his boat, which lay moored under their garden wall, and set out. "It was past twelve o'clock at night," he would say, "and pitch-dark. The boat was only about eight feet long, and I was six! and one of the oars was broken,

but I did not tell them that. I got on fast enough for a while by the town lights, and then those of the craft moored off Southampton and Netley; but when I got lower down towards the sea, it was awkward enough, for there was nothing to guide me—not a star to be seen, not a sound to be heard, the air was so thick and foggy. However, I knew Southampton Water as well as the High Street of Portsmouth—every shoal and current of it, and so—safely, though very slowly, I reached the mouth of the Solent. Then I got a little anxious, for the tide was running out fast, and if I had once drifted out to sea, I could not have made the shore that night with my one oar; so I kept the broken oar on the land side, and rowed close along shore, so as never to lose the sound of the surf, which was my only guide. Presently I heard voices close to me in the fog, and I called out; for I was afraid it was some big vessel which might swamp me. The next minute a man-of-war's boat came alongside of me. The crew asked me if I could tell them the time: they had lost themselves in the fog, and couldn't get back to their ship. I told them whereabouts I believed we were, and how they ought to steer for the harbour; 'but,' said

I, 'I may be wrong, for I left Southampton at twelve o'clock last night (it was now about three in the morning), and the fog has been so thick for the last hour and a half, that I've pretty well lost my bearings.' 'Thank'ee, sir,' they said; but they pulled away fast enough, for I believe they thought I was mad! In another half-hour there loomed up on my starboard bow a fine frigate; and as soon as the officer of the watch heard the sound of my oars, he hailed me — 'Boat ahoy!' 'Ay, ay, sir!' said I. 'What boat's that?' 'The Wanderer, from Southampton.' 'Southampton!' I heard him say, and then there was a pause. 'Did you meet a boat coming in from laying down an anchor anywhere along here? We sent out another to look for her two hours ago, and they're neither of them back yet.'

"I told him of the boat I had met, which he made out was the second one; and then I wished him good-night, and rowed on in better heart, for I knew the frigate though she didn't know me, and her position showed me I was not far off the Custom-house where I could go ashore, for they all knew me well enough there. So about four o'clock in the morning I ran my boat up to the Customs landing-stage; and

mooring her there, walked back to Southsea to my lodging to get a wash, and a breakfast, and 'forty winks,' if there was time, before going to College at seven o'clock. Nobody knew anything about it; and that afternoon all Portsmouth was in a commotion, one man saying to another, 'Have you seen anything of Schetky? Blank, of the Customs, says they found his boat on their beach this morning, no one with it, and one oar broken! What can he have been about now?' And when I came out of College every other man I met came up to me with, 'Why, Schetky, I'm uncommonly glad to see you're alive still! What ever have you been up to, my good fellow?' But half of them wouldn't believe me when I told them."

On parting with his little craft he received the following amusing letter from his friend Charles North :—

"My Dear Splice,—The Wanderer gone! Lost is my quiet for ever! But oh! who is the happy possessor? who is it that in future is to render Spithead interesting by daily disasters, and prove to all sailors that it *is* possible to sail in a basket? Oh, age of wonders! sooner should I have thought of the doves (ay, the *French*

doves) forsaking the fountains than Splice forsaking his craft. However, I shall have hopes still of you, for you must have been very *crafty* to have sold her for five pounds; so perhaps you may *build*, and in that way make up for your desertion of the dovelike qualities; nevertheless, don't let me *egg* you on, but if you do, only mind you *hatch* her well, and she will *fly* with you. Then I shall say with the Italians, '*Dove* are you going so fast?' Excuse me, but I must have a pun, 'pon my honour. I am sorry we missed seeing you when you passed through the lively place;* for my part, I have been laid up with the gout ever since I have been in it, but I am getting about again now. I long to see O. Williams's rudder—not that I think they can improve upon the present mode for safety. God bless you—I long to be among you all again—and believe me ever yours most sincerely, C. A. NORTH."

Mr North's surmises as to the probability of some private shipbuilding in Portsmouth dockyard proved correct, for the College of Naval Architects had offered to build a boat them-

* Winchester.

selves for their favourite teacher and playmate; and accordingly the Wanderer was shortly succeeded by a clever yacht-like little craft, cutter-rigged, which in compliment to his old companion on Tweedside, Sir Walter Scott, he named the Lufra.

CHAPTER IV.

In the year 1819, some drawings by John Christian Schetky were brought under the notice of H.R.H. the Prince Regent, by whom they were very favourably received, and who, in the following year, on his accession to the throne, appointed him to the office of Marine Painter in Ordinary, in which capacity he accompanied his Majesty on his visit to Ireland in the summer of 1821.

Early in the preceding spring, being at a party on board the Queen Charlotte, given by her officers, he had met with an accident, in which he broke his collar-bone; and there is proof of his popularity at Portsmouth in the fact that, during the confinement to his rooms consequent on this accident, he received visits from eighty-two of his "College boys;" while a paper in his own handwriting, headed "Friends who called

on me during an illness," bears the names of one hundred and ten visitors, including both officers in the army and navy, and civilians.

We have no incidents of the royal cruise to Ireland except that, on the evening of a long, wet day in Dublin harbour, when suite and officers alike were wellnigh at an end of their resources to beguile the *ennui* of his Majesty, the marine painter sought out four of the crew of the royal yacht with whom he had made acquaintance about the dockyard at Portsmouth, and whom he knew to be in the habit of singing in parts together, and got them to row with him under the stern of the yacht as it grew dusk, and there to sing some of the fine old English glees with which they were familiar, such as "By Celia's Arbour,"—my father's special favourite, which, he used to say, he never heard better sung than by these sailors. This unexpected serenade was a great success; and music having been once begun, the wearisome evening became a very pleasant one; and Captain Sir Charles Paget afterwards wrote to John Schetky —"Nothing could have been better thought of than your serenade: the King was delighted." No pecuniary advantage was attached to the appointment of marine painter; but upon the

presentation of his finished drawings of the royal tour to the King, the artist was gratified by the receipt of the following note from Sir Charles Paget:—

"THE PAVILION, *March* 4, 1822.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I availed myself of the opportunity which offered yesterday to present your drawings of the yacht to the King, and I am commanded by his Majesty to express to you his entire approbation of them. It will be an additional satisfaction to you to hear that the King has desired me to leave them here. There were present when I placed your drawings before his Majesty, the Duke of Montrose, Lords Liverpool, Bathurst, Melville, Conyngham, and Graham, *cum multis aliis*, and they all expressed their approbation of them.—Yours, my dear sir, faithfully, CHARLES PAGET."

My father was anxious to have this series of drawings engraved and published, but was then, as on many subsequent occasions, thwarted by the unpopularity of marine subjects in the art-world of Great Britain—a curious fact in a nation so celebrated for naval achievements as the English.

A letter written to him on the subject by his brother Alexander (then stationed at Fort Clarence), in which he writes of the failure of his efforts to induce Mr Havell, and one or two other publishers, to undertake the work, and suggests that it might be published by subscription (a plan to which my father was always much averse), ends with a brief mention of some of the principal pictures of the year, which may interest some of my readers. The letter bears date April 24, 1822.

". . . The Institution is closed: to speak as tenderly as possible of it, it was just execrable!

"There were, of course, some few really good pictures, however. Cupid and Psyche, by Etty, was delightful, voluptuous; Landseer had an extremely fine picture of a dog and game; Ramsay, a very vigorous and spirited sketch of trees struck by lightning; Daniel, some good, very good, sea-pieces; Miss Landseer, some very good landscapes, evidently done on the spot; Linton had also some very good landscapes—much beyond his usual reach, but wanting in colour; Jones, an enormous picture of the battle of Waterloo—extremely good, but painted on the principle of a plan rather than a picture;

Burnet, a picture of cattle-boats, &c., near Battersea—very beautiful, like Cuyp, but eclipsed by the colour of the other pictures near it; John Wilson, many clever pictures, of a monotonous colour — what old Nasmyth calls a 'monochrome'—yet extremely good in their way. You can almost conceive them from your recollections: the best is a small view of Roslin Castle. One Willes, who is, I understand, a young artist, has some landscapes exhibiting a decided feeling for rich colouring and vigorous contrast—much talent; rather a heavy touch. One Farrin has a beautiful picture of 'the mischievous boy' hindering his sister from blowing the fire by sticking his finger into the lower hole of the bellows and thrusting up the valve, while she is trying to *lick him.* . . . Turner is to have a gallery this year: he has only one picture in the Academy Exhibition this year, representing *three ladies a-walking in a garden.* Calcott has sent a large picture; Wilkie his immortal picture of the Pensioners; Allan the Broken Fiddle, which, Wilkie tells me, is liked. Lawrence has some wonderful portraits; Danby (the 'Vale of the Upas'-man), a picture of children playing in a storm of rain, which Howard, who tells me all this, likes exceedingly. John Chalons has

sent his market-scene in Paris. And now I know nothing more to tell you of this time.—Yours ever affectionately, J. A. SCHETKY."

In the summer of 1822, John Schetky accompanied King George the Fourth on his progress to Scotland, to the great delight of his father and sisters, who were thus enabled to welcome him to Edinburgh, where his old friend Sir Walter Scott was taking an active part in the proceedings consequent on the royal visit. The drawings finished from sketches of this cruise were afterwards printed in colours, but not in a very satisfactory style. The following summer found the volatile artist possessed with one of those wandering impulses which inspired him from time to time throughout his life, and almost determined to engage a substitute to carry on his work at the R. N. College, and start on a six months' trip to South America, the scenery of which continent he had a great desire to sketch. This project, however, which would probably have resulted in the loss of his appointment, was overruled by the calmer judgment of his brother Alexander; and a vacation visit to Lord Erroll during his stay at Egypt House, West Cowes, followed by one to the old home in

Edinburgh, replaced the wished-for excursion to another hemisphere.

In this year the two brothers amused themselves by painting a small oil-picture conjointly, although the one was still in the neighbourhood of Rochester, and the other at Portsmouth—Alexander undertaking the painting of the sky, and John that of the sea and ships. But any further such undertakings were prevented by Dr Schetky's acceptance, in the autumn of the same year, of the appointment of Deputy Inspector of Hospitals on the coast of Africa—a step which he took sorely against the will, not only of his own family, but also of his superiors in the service, who feared that the pernicious climate of Sierra Leone might rob them of one of their most rising officers. He, however, looked upon it as an opportunity of realising his ambition to follow in the steps of Mungo Park as an African explorer, when during his five years' service he should have become familiar with the language; and he would not be dissuaded from undertaking the perilous post.

Meanwhile his brother at Portsmouth worked on uneventfully—teaching at the College, painting on commission in his leisure hours, giving a helping hand to one and another as occasion

offered, and amongst others to his brother artist Turner, who was not too proud to accept the assistance of some of his sketches of the principal line-of-battle ships distinguished in the battle of Trafalgar, whose portraits my father took *con amore* as they lay in Portsmouth harbour. I find a letter addressed to him on this subject by Turner, dated December 3, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your kind offer of the Téméraire; but I can bring in very little, if any, of her hull, because of the Redoutable. If you will make me a sketch of the Victory (she is in Hayle Lake or Portsmouth harbour) three-quarter bow on starboard side, or opposite the bow port, you will much oblige; and if you have a sketch of the Neptune, Captain Freemantle's ship, or know any particulars of Santissima Trinidada, or Redoutable, any communication I will thank you much for. As to the former offer of yours, the Royal Barge, I beg to say that I requested your brother to give you my thanks, and that whenever you sent to him the same would be in time; but there is an end to that commission owing to the difficulty attending engraving the subjects. — Your most truly obliged J. M. W. TURNER.

"*P.S.*—The Victory, I understand, has undergone considerable alterations since the action, so that a slight sketch will do, having my own when she entered the Medway (with the body of Lord Nelson), and the Admiralty or Navy Office drawing."

Another note, nine months later, shows that the wished-for information had been duly sent.

"*September* 21, 1824.

"DEAR SIR,—Your sketches will be with you, I trust, by (the Rocket coach) to-morrow evening. They shall be sent to the coach-office this evening. *Many* thanks for the loan of them, and believe me to be your most truly obliged

"J. M. W. TURNER.

"To J. C. SCHETKY, Esq."

Nor was Turner the only one of those whose names stand highest amongst our British painters, who owed to the unselfish generosity of the sailor-artist the accuracy which helped to make their pictures great. One of our finest naval artists—who only within the last few years has passed from the ranks of our Royal Academicians—delighted to reckon him amongst his warmest friends, and unhesitatingly sought his

aid from time to time. On one occasion, when a proposed competition for a commission to paint an important naval subject had set all the marine artists in a flame of enthusiasm and ambition, one of them came to my father in despair at the idea of entering the lists against him. "Oh, Schetky! you're not going in for this, are you? I'm done for if you do! Do let me have a chance." And rather than injure his friend he retired from the field, and lent the other his sketches.

No doubt, such actions, regarded as they are by the world as amusingly Quixotic, hindered the progress towards fame and affluence which might have been made by a more self-seeking man; but since his happiness had its source chiefly in contributing to that of others, he found what was to him a greater good.

His attention was not, however, entirely engrossed by his art, either in the teaching or the practice of it. Many was the hasty rush to town and back to attend a favourite opera; many was the amateur concert, in which Schetky was the moving spirit—when, after sundry laborious rehearsals, each succeeded by supper at the house of one or other of the performers, the musical *dilettanti* of Portsmouth invited a

favourite *prima donna* down from London to sing for them, and delighted their friends and themselves by a very excellent performance of the string quartets and other chamber music of Haydn, Beethoven, and dear old Corelli, relieved by the professional lady's rendering of their best-loved airs from Mozart's operas.

On these occasions John Schetky and his flute, or more often his violoncello (his "first wife," as he used fondly to call it), were at once the joke and the admiration of the assembly. He seldom practised between-whiles; his instrument frequently arrived at the rehearsals minus one of its strings, or wofully out of tune, and had to be put in order on the spot; he generally played as much from ear as from note; yet his part was always given with a facility of execution, and a perfection of taste and feeling, which would set his hard-working coadjutors railing at the comparatively dry correctness won by their own persevering efforts. "Well, it's in the blood!" was their consolation, when the erratic artist would from time to time produce some of his father's delicately-veined violoncello music or graceful pianoforte sonatas.

Then there was many a half-holiday expedition with a dozen of his favourite pupils, a com-

bination of picnic and sketching-lesson, when they would man the Lufra, or the large College boat, and spend the long summer afternoon and evening in coasting along the Solent, or studying foreground boats and figures in Portsmouth harbour, or landscape composition from the ruins of Porchester Castle or Netley Abbey. One of these expeditions is perpetuated in a small sketch of the boat and its occupants, under which is written in pencil, "Schetky and his jolly boys sketching in Portsmouth harbour!" And one of his former pupils tells of having often seen him at such times correcting two sketch-books at once, one with each hand. Nor must I omit to tell of his device for obtaining a good sight of Marshal Blucher when he came with his royal master and the Emperor of Russia to visit Portsmouth dockyard. The officials there, high and low, were well acquainted with John Schetky; and when, on the morning on which the crowned heads were expected, he presented himself at the forge and begged leave to do duty as one of the bellows-blowers, his request was immediately granted; and joining heartily in the merriment occasioned by his proposal, he doffed his sailor-jacket, rigged himself out in the apron and cap of a

stalwart dockyardsman, and fell to with a will at his novel task. It was a harder one than he had expected, and the visitors were long of coming; so that by the time they came to inspect the forge, he needed to have no apprehension lest those of his friends who were conducting the party should recognise in the heated and begrimed dockyardsman, towering amongst his fellows, the fair complexion and chestnut hair of their Scotch comrade! He considered himself well repaid for his morning's work by the leisurely sight and hearing of the great commander under whom his father had served as a volunteer in his youth, and by the sketch from memory of the Emperor Nicholas which still bears record of the interview in his sketch-book; but when he told his father of the exploit, the old man was much annoyed: "No need to have done that, John; if you had gone to him like a man, and told him your name, he would have given you his hand for my sake!"

John, however, was satisfied with the result of his expedient, and could not be persuaded to regret it.

But in the autumn of 1824, a great cloud spread its shadow over the joyous life of the uncareful painter.

The departure of his brother Alexander in the previous year to take up the appointment of Deputy Inspector of Hospitals on the western coast of Africa, had been a great blow to him; but with his usual sanguine disposition, he turned his thoughts from the sorrow of the present parting to the joy of the future reunion, when Dr Schetky should return full of honours and success to receive the just recognition of services not only professional but scientific. And when a year had passed, bringing at regular intervals cheerful reports from the absentee, these bright anticipations became paramount, and it did not strike the happy recipient of a letter written in August 1824 that its tone was languid and dispirited. But afterwards that letter was inscribed in pencil with a trembling hand, "Dear Alexander's last letter—from Sierra Leone."

It is a short one, and runs as follows:—

"FREE TOWN, SIERRA LEON,
August 9, 1824.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I have, by the present opportunity, written a letter of respectable length to my father and sisters; and as I have no particular news, I merely write to you because it is

now about five or six weeks since I wrote—so whether this shall be a long or a short letter must depend upon the coming of the spirit.

"I am well—tranquil and comfortable; nothing particular plagues me at all, except that I cannot get away for a few days to sketch the cataracts in these mountains—and the rainy season being now advanced, they will be dry before I can go. When I say I am happy, it is because I do not suffer myself to apprehend any misfortune among you at home. I have, however—owing to the non-arrival of ships during this part of the season—been long deprived of the happiness of hearing from home. There are no very late news from Cape Coast; by the last it is known that the Ashantis were in the immediate vicinity of the Castle—within four miles. The garrison were sickly, and terribly incommoded for want of room; the enemy much more sickly—indeed, dreadfully so. Col. Sutherland was so tired of being cooped up that he was on the point of sallying out to attack them. I am on the point of sailing down there in a very few days, to return immediately. I shall tell you all the news in my very next letter. I am rather indifferent about going down there, merely from not liking the

trouble; but I consider myself bound to post, and that immediately.

"I beg, my dear John, you will not be angry at the shortness of this letter. I cannot spin anything out of my brain for you to-night; if I were to go on, it would be in an unnaturally protracted style.

"So now, appealing to your own experience of what it is to be hurried, I conclude with ever affectionate regards.—Your

"J. A. SCHETKY.

"I send some seeds for Messrs North and Thomson, to whom, and to all, my best greetings. Alas! what a stupid letter!"

The projected voyage to Cape Coast Castle, alluded to in this letter, increased to active disease the debilitating influences by which the African climate was already beginning to undermine the northern constitution of the hardy Scotchman. Shortly after leaving Sierra Leone, he was attacked by the low fever of the country, and sank under it almost immediately upon reaching shore. There were no telegraphs then to flash the evil tidings all too quickly home; and for nearly three months after the gifted, sensitive spirit was at rest, those in the old

country still thought of their favourite as labouring to save life and acquire knowledge, and rejoicing in his strength to do both.

Then towards the end of November the official intimation of their loss reached Portsmouth. What those tidings were to my father we have gathered best from his utter silence on the subject, as though that wound shrank from the touch of even his own hand.

But the son of one of his oldest and dearest Scotch friends—the late beloved and revered Dr David Maclagan—(who, whether as doctor, citizen, or friend, is so dear a memory, and so sore a loss, to all who have owned any connection with Edinburgh during this century), whose "laddies" were accustomed to hail the arrival of Mr Schetky at their father's house as a signal for fun and frolic of all kinds—tells of his boyish consternation at unexpectedly finding him one morning pacing up and down the study with his valise in his hand, and exclaiming, "Now, Maclagan, this is just dreadful! How will I tell my poor old father?"

That trial was spared him. For when, soothed and braced by the sympathy of his friend, he reached the house in St Vincent Street —for which, some years previously, his father

and sisters had quitted the Old Town—he found the old man in his bed, and failing fast. And though on his sisters the news fell the more heavily, they, too, were thankful to feel justified in withholding the knowledge of their loss from the parent to whom they were so devoted. "Well, John," he said, when all were calm enough for his son to be brought into his room, "this is very kind of you. You're come to see me *down*"—and he signed with his hand towards the ground. "Oh, sir, don't talk like that!" "Yes, but it is so; I have had a long life, and now my time is come." Then after a pause, "Have you heard from Alick lately?" "No, sir." "Ah, well—I have been thinking what wonderful things he is seeing in his *new country*."

And there my father's voice would fail when telling us of this interview, as he remembered the thrill of solemn thought which the old man's words suggested. He stayed on till the end came, the only son present to hear the parting injunction, "Mind your church, boys—mind your church!" and having done all he could to spare and cheer his sisters, returned sorrowfully to his work at Portsmouth, where his friends long missed him from their social

gatherings and naval excursions, and sought in vain to draw him out of the state of nervous depression into which he had sunk. His sister Jane, writing of him a year later to one of the sisters of his friend Edward Trevenen, says: "Our dear John has not come down to us this vacation; indeed we hardly expected him, knowing that he had some pictures to finish, and some business to do in London that ought to be done. . . . He writes just on the eve of setting off to spend the Christmas at Appledercombe in the Isle of Wight, where there was to be a large party of Lord Yarborough's; but our poor dear John has lost much of his taste for that sort of gaiety now, and went rather against his will."

Another letter from Jane Schetky to Charlotte Trevenen, dated January 19, 1827, makes interesting mention of intercourse with Sir Walter Scott. "We all dined at Mrs Scott's on Christmas-day to meet Sir Walter Scott and his daughter: the party was smaller than was expected; but it was all the better, as we enjoyed Sir Walter's society the more. He is really a dear old man, for his hair is grey, and he looks old. We sat round him great part of the evening, hearing him relate anecdotes, and

conversing with him upon pictures, people, and things. We had not much music, as he is not very musical; however, he did listen to a duet of Mozart's, and a German duet which we sang to him, he being fond of German. He left us next day; and two days afterwards we went by invitation, and paid him a forenoon visit. The day was one of the most lovely I ever saw for the season. The country (eight miles off) is very beautiful; and as we passed close to Melrose Abbey, I never saw it to such advantage. At Abbotsford are some very beautiful pictures, and everything is fitted up in a classical, ancient style; the hall being full of old arms, coats of mail, helmets, shields, swords, deers' horns, and everything curious; the windows—painted glass—describe various coats of arms; and all round the ceiling are the armorial bearings of all the Border families. The library is a beautiful room, and in it are two magnificent chairs that belonged to some pope. . . . We wished much for John, for although he has been there, we never were there with him, and Sir W. is very fond of him, and sent many kind regards to him; but we may visit the dear baronet together, as, if we are all spared, we are to meet at Christmas again at Mertoun. . . . Our

dear John spent his vacation with Frank Home in London, where he had some business to do, and paid a short visit to his friends the Williamses at Temple, near Marlow, and also at Hampton Court with Lord Erroll, who was one of his boys at College when I was at Portsmouth; a fine boy he was, and used to think it a great treat to be allowed to call upon us of a Saturday, when I used to have some sweet wine and cake for him. He was only 'Willie Hay' then, and was a handsome, noble boy."

That year of 1827 brought to John Schetky a new happiness which restored the balance of his wonted light-heartedness, for in April he became engaged to the Charlotte Trevenen to whom the foregoing letters from his sister were addressed. Nine years before, when, in the summer of 1818, he paid his first visit to his friend Edward Trevenen, in his father's house in Cornwall, he had been attracted by the gentle dignity and sweetness of the shyest of the three unmarried daughters, and used to tell against himself of the shrewd kindly amusement of the old squire, when, seeing her reading by the fire-light, he one day besought him to "take care of those eyes!" But he told himself that a poor artist had nothing to offer to the

squire's daughter that should induce her to leave the comfort, and repose, and honoured position of her country home, and so went his way; while she thought him the most fascinating man she had ever met, and wondered at his kindness to the shy, quiet little girl twenty years his junior. But subsequent years and newly-formed acquaintances failed to efface the impression which each had produced on the other; and an occasional meeting at the rectory of Drewsteignton, or when Jane Schetky was brought by her brother into Cornwall to make the acquaintance of the Misses Trevenen, and thenceforward to become their most valued friend, served to deepen that mysterious affinity of hearts which asserts itself despite all barriers of time and space. And so when he again escorted his sister to visit their friends in the west, as a middle-aged man saddened by recent bereavement, and found her still free and ready with unobtrusive sympathy and patient kindness to enter into his griefs and to encourage his aspirations, he took courage from the void in his life after he had left her and returned to his lonely rooms at Portsmouth, to write and ask if she would consent to fill up that void for ever.

The engagement was welcomed cordially by his sisters, who were much attached to their Cornish friends, while Mrs Trevenen had long regarded John Schetky almost in the light of a son. The old squire had some time previously closed the quiet years of a loved and honoured life, and all her children were scattered from her by marriage or death save her two younger daughters, Charlotte and Harriette; but she was willing to give one of these into what she felt to be the safe keeping of a truly chivalrous man.

A letter from John Schetky to Charlotte Trevenen, written in May 1827, gives a sketch of his days at Portsmouth at that time :—

"You wish to know my style and manner of living? Why, faith, that's soon said—though, perhaps, 'twere better not! In the morning I commonly get up before I go anywhere! and that's not very early, which, however, may be accounted for by *early* habits of sitting *late.* I paint till time to go to College; and if I don't dine on board some man-of-war or another I paint after dinner again as long as I can see, as that meal seldom requires more than ten or fifteen minutes; then saunter in my garden, chucking the young pla- -nd flowers under

the chin, delighted to watch their progress; and, while at tea, commonly some friend calls, or I call on some friend living near me—perhaps there may be a cigar, perhaps a hand at cards, or what's more commonly the case, and suits me better, a little music,—what a deal I have got to learn in this heavenly art when you come to teach me! Well, I have an awkward trick of sitting by myself thinking when all the world around me is fast asleep, and thus I am slow to rise in the morning. Now, my dearest, you have a day of my life, and one is very like the other. I am desired not to read at night, and by daylight I have no time, so that I live in happy ignorance. I miss Sir James Gordon, gone to Plymouth, for there I went every evening and made sketches for intended pictures, while he corrected the rigging for me: you know he is a captain in the navy, and now governor of Plymouth Hospital. . . . Remember me most kindly to all who care for you, for to all such I hold myself their debtor.—Yours ever, J. C. SCHETKY."

The marriage was to have taken place during the following Christmas vacation; but as the year wore on, Jane Schetky, who had never

recovered the shock of her favourite brother Alexander's death, began to droop, and sank into a rapid decline. It was long before the remaining brother could be prevailed on to realise her state; and when at length he did so it was a sore grief to him. She died early in December 1827, and a heart-broken letter to his betrothed tells of his hasty journey—of his "knocking first at Maclagan's door" and there learning that the peaceful end had already come—of his sorrowful arrival at his sisters' house to find for the first time in his life only one to greet him. To Charlotte Trevenen the loss was scarcely less than to him, for Jane Schetky had been to her for many years more like a sister than a friend; and the bright thoughts of immediate union were for the time banished from both their hearts by the sorrow of bereavement. The wedding was postponed till the following April, and as that necessitated its taking place in term-time, the honeymoon had to be deferred till John Schetky's summer vacation, for he could not absent himself for more than a day from his duties at Portsmouth. They met in London on April 12, 1828, were married on the following morning at the Church of St George, Bloomsbury, and returned the

same afternoon to their pretty country home, Buckland House, in the village of Kingston, near Portsmouth—then a region of meadows and country lanes and tuneful woods, instead of the town suburb it has since become.

Great was the astonishment amongst John Schetky's friends to find that (as his sister Caroline wrote from America) "the obdurate gay bachelor was at last caught and chained!" For, with his characteristic love of a joke, he had kept them in ignorance of his intentions in order that he might enjoy their surprise when he brought home his bride. Those who became acquainted with Mrs Schetky did not marvel long, however; and their visits to Buckland House were not rendered less frequent by the presence of its gentle, bright-eyed mistress.

The next few years were uneventful: a letter written by John Schetky to his wife during a visit to his old friend Sir William Allan, in July 1829, makes mention of calling on Wilkie and Howard, and alludes to "our little daughter;" and some lines written on the occasion of Mrs Schetky's birthday in the same year give a glimpse of the quiet happiness he found in his home. They are so quaintly

characteristic that I cannot forbear inserting some extracts.

"THE DEDICATION.

"In trusting the following lines to the penetrating eye of his fair reader who is the amiable subject of the poem, the author is well aware of the imminent danger his fame is in were she to shoot the arrows of her criticism wherever they are merited; but the irresistible impulse of his heart's feelings on this joyous occasion he hopes will plead for the many faults which his *impromptu* exhibits; nor does he even wish to screen himself behind the excuse that he writes at this moment in the midst of a row-royal of eighty College boys in hall! No; he rather prefers to prostrate himself and his Muse at the feet of the object of his adoration, running the hazard of her frown or the delight of her indulgence.

"Once every year this blithesome morn
(And only once!) comes round,
On which my blushing Fair was born
To tread the sunny ground;
And with her smiles to cheer each flower
Where'er her light foot trips,
While envy sits upon their leaves
Emulous of her balmy lips.
The season which gave Charlotte birth,
November's chill third day,
To me is dear—blessed by her love,
Oh, every month seems May!
Long may she hold the breathing spring
Obedient to her smile,
And round her mirth and pleasure fling
Unmixed with gall or guile.

So glide our short and happy lives,
Short, were they e'er so long!
For in the friendship of *such* wives
Methus'lah's were as short's my song:

It now becomes me here to say
More happiness is ours,
For on the beauteous morn of May
Our daughter came with flowers!
With flowers—and 'midst the balmy breeze
While Nature's face is fair
We trust on us shall bloom *heart's-ease*,
Sweet meed for all our care.

. . . . .

Now, dearest Charlotte, pray accept
The offering* of your spouse
(Though painted by no 'droit adept),
'Tis Heaven's own holy house:
It stands in Kingston's parish wide,
Hard by a pond so clear,
Its bells round all the country-side
Proclaim to poor and peer
The proper hour for homage due,
And thoughts devout, and prayer,
To shrive their souls—nor sins renew,
But trust their Shepherd's care.

. . . . .

Now Heaven protect my faithful wife,
Vouchsafe her prayers to hear:
May brightest sunshine gild her life
Through many a happy year!

"J. C. S."

* A small oil-painting of Kingston Church, presented to Mr Schetky with the above lines.

In the year 1830, on the accession of King William IV. to the throne, John Schetky became anxious lest the appointment which he had held as his Marine Painter while Duke of Clarence (as well as occupying the same post under George IV.) should not be confirmed when he became King.

His friends Lord Erroll and Sir Charles Paget were, however, ready to bring his request for the continuance of his appointment under his Majesty's notice; and the happy result was promptly made known to him by the latter.

"FAIR OAK LODGE, *July* 13.

"MY DEAR SIR,—On the other side is an extract of a letter I have this day received from Sir Benjamin Bloomfield. — I am your very faithful servant, CHARLES PAGET."

"CARLTON HOUSE, *July* 12, 1830.

"MY DEAR PAGET,—The King was most gracious: Mr Schetky is to be Marine Painter Extraordinary to his Majesty.

"Due notice will be given at the proper office. —Ever yours sincerely, B. BLOOMFIELD."

The official intimation reached him through the kind hands of Lord Erroll a little later.

During the summer vacation which followed, he intended taking his sister Mary for a holiday trip to Paris, in order to restore the balance of her health and spirits, which had suffered from the loss of her sister and constant companion, Jane Schetky. They started towards the end of July, full of pleasant anticipations, but had only reached Beauvais when rumours of the revolution in Paris stopped them. It seems curious, in these days of "Paris in nine hours," to find them sleeping two or three nights on the road. The following letters from John Schetky to his wife give an account of this interrupted journey.

"BEAUVAIS, *July* 30, 1830.

"MY DEAREST CHARLOTTE,—So far we have got on our way to Paris; but hearing of disturbances in the capital, we have thought it prudent to remain here for the night, and return by to-morrow's coach, which will leave this in the evening. I fear there are dreadful doings in Paris; but all is conjecture, and therefore it would be folly to attempt to tell you any of the various accounts that are flying about. Be content, we are *quite safe;* and as the post is going, I must close this. —Yours ever, with the truest affection,

"—— ——"

"BERNAY, *Sunday, August* 1, 1830.

"DEAR LOVE,—All is quiet in Paris : we are, however, so far home again, and will be at Boulogne to-morrow. We left Beauvais yesterday, and got on capitally : Mary goes through the fatigue with great courage, and all is well. I sent you a very short letter (the last), because all letters are read before sent from the post—and there has been no post since I wrote till to-day. . . .—I remain your most affectionate

"J. C. SCHETKY."

"BOULOGNE, *Monday night,* 12 *o'clock.*

" . . . Now that all the good people of this town are asleep (for they keep very good hours here), and Mary also in bed, I must, before I go to mine, indulge in a little chat with my own Charlotte—particularly as I may now say what I like without the fear of having my letter read and stopped, and perhaps myself too! You need never be uneasy about your husband, my wifie; for there seems a kind Providence guides him, for your sake and through your kind prayers for his safety. I suspect I shall be repeating what I have said in my former short *unsigned* letters from the hurry and con-

fusion in which they were written; but if I do, you will excuse me.

"When we arrived at Beauvais, on our way to Paris, we found at the inn there an Irish gentleman with family, who had escaped from the capital in the midst of the misery, when it was at the highest; and his account was quite enough to determine us to get our traps off the coach and remain till the return of the stage next day. Well, no coach arriving next day, except private gigs, chaises, carts, and anything that could be got for money, *we* too hired a very nice coach—a gentleman's carriage—and, with another lady and gentleman, got on famously through a beautiful country (Picardy), as quiet as the road to Portsmouth, while right and left the row-royal was general. I compared it to a stream of clear limpid water meandering through a sea of *soap-suds!* I think I told you we slept at Bernay, and next night through Abbeville, passing the forest of Cressy at Montreuil; from there we came to this place to-day, and I wrote you a short letter to save post and your anxiety. When we came in view of this town the feeling was rather odd to see the three-coloured flag flying on the churches and public places; and

on entering the town, as indeed everywhere else, they crowded round us for news. In every street you would see groups of fifteen or twenty people in close and ardent conversation, and every sign or emblem of royalty rubbed off or torn down. This was done last night, *of course*, that there might be no disturbance on *our* arrival! The National Guard has been formed to-night for peace and tranquillity' sake: it is composed of the respectable people of the town and their sons—and all the town was asleep at eleven o'clock; but though I am perhaps the only one awake (for they keep such order here), I cannot hear them snoring for the whistling of the wind, which blows a gale: however, we shall cross to-morrow morning if a packet will go. I find lots of friends here, and all is very interesting. I dare-say I shall remember much to tell you when we walk together in the garden—and you shall hear from me the moment we set foot on merry England; so go to sleep with a quiet mind, my dearest love, as I shall do most certainly, the clock having just told me it is one! . . .

"Good night; for I am very much fatigued, but quite well, and, they tell me, 'looking handsome!'

J. C. S."

"*Tuesday morning*, 8 *o'clock.*

"My dearest,—I have just returned from the pier, and seen two steamers arrive from England, one bringing two passengers, and the other seven; and they do not sail again till to-morrow, and I hope the wind and waves will be lulled by the time we embark. Here comes our travelling companion with this morning's Paris paper. The Duke of Orleans is in all respects King of France! The deputies called upon him and read him their wishes, 'that he would take the command of the reins of government;' and he accepted, and immediately went to General La Fayette at the Hotel de Ville; and in ten minutes they both came out on the balcony, and embraced each other, to the great admiration of the tens of thousands looking on from below. Prince Polignac called on the British ambassador, but was not admitted (very properly!), the ambassador telling him that, had he been a private gentleman in Paris, he must have been very glad to see him, but as ambassador from England, he could have no conversation with him. The English ladies in Paris are hard at work, as well with their purses as their little fingers, making things for the comfort

and assistance of the wounded. Fifteen thousand are reported killed on this sudden occasion, and subscriptions are general for the relief of the widows and orphans. . . . Mary sends her love; and now I close my despatch.—Yours, yours, yours, J. C. SCHETKY."

In the autumn of the same year, John Schetky received a letter from his friend Sir William Allan, giving so interesting an account of his travels in Turkish territory that I cannot forbear inserting it.

"EDINBURGH, 30*th November* 1830,
8 SCOTLAND STREET.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—I understand that the Blonde frigate is on her way to Portsmouth, and when she arrives I will thank you to take charge of a Turkish gun, horse-trappings, and two small pieces of Brusa silk which I have on board. Mr Monro the surgeon will deliver them to you, and I hope there will be no difficulty in getting them ashore; if so, I am sure you will lend your helping hand, and when an opportunity occurs have the goodness to forward them to me.

"I had on board the Blonde a glorious cruise in the Sea of Marmora and up the Gulf of

Mondane, in company with Sir Robert Gordon, our ambassador at Constantinople: by him I was exceedingly well received, likewise by all the officers of the Blonde, particularly by a pupil of yours, Mr Branke, third lieutenant; he does you infinite credit—draws shipping beautifully.

"The Russian ambassador and his suite were also of the party; we landed at a small town in the Gulf of Mondane of the same name, where horses were prepared to carry us to Brusa. Our journey thither was amusing, but not very interesting, the scenery rather flat, and the country for miles was covered with locusts, the ground actually black with them, which put me in mind of the plagues of Egypt.

"Brusa is the ancient capital of the Turks, situated not far from the foot of Mount Olympus, richly ornamented with beautiful gardens, and, like most of the Turkish towns, crowded with mosques and minarets. Our time during the day was occupied in visiting the principal mosques, baths, and public buildings; balls were given in the evening, and the company consisted chiefly of Armenians, Greeks, and a few Turks, which afforded me an opportunity of seeing the Romaska danced, and several others not less curious. But that which inter-

ested me the most was the tomb of Sultan Amurat the Second: near where his body was deposited, hung upon the wall the remains of a coat of mail which he wore at the siege of Varna, also the bones of his favourite hawk. We also ascended Mount Olympus: nothing could be more beautiful and picturesque than the way in which I saw it. Our escort consisted of Turks on horseback and on foot; armed to the teeth in the oriental costûme, their appearance had a most imposing effect: the dark colour of the men with their armour sparkling in the sun, combined with the rich colour of their dresses, gliding through amongst trees, overhanging rocks, and deep ravines, partially covered with brushwood, and cottages encircled with the vine and dark-looking cypress. The noise of the river added much to the scene, as it was greatly increased by the melted snow which falls in torrents from the top of the mountains. The Pacha of Brusa prepared tents at the different regions with refreshments in the true Turkish style, eating *kiabab with our fingers and sitting cross-legged like so many Mussulmans*, which I enjoyed with delight. The surrounding scenery and the effect produced at that moment was truly grand, especially

in our descent the picturesque appearance of the wild and warlike group of our mountain guards. After having seen everything at Brusa, our party took leave of the Pacha, and when we arrived at the ship the two ambassadors were saluted with thirty guns. Constantinople, of all the places in the world, to a painter is certainly the most extraordinary. Nothing can surpass for beauty and magnificence its mosques, domes, and minarets, richly ornamented, towering towards heaven; the dark and gloomy cypress strongly relieved by a brilliant sky; which form a splendid arrangement, combined with effects which I have never seen elsewhere. The entrance to the Bosphorus is truly magical—the harbours of Pera, Galata, and Scutari, with the beautiful scenery of the Asiatic coast on the one side and that of Europe on the other, both adorned with fertile fields and gardens, kiosks and pavilions, its verdant hills gently rising, and Mount Olympus with its snow-covered top in the distance. The inhabitants are truly remarkable for their costume, character, and grave deportment; kind and charitable; and their hospitality extends to strangers of every nation; and above all things they are exceedingly honest. I have made several

sketches; some of them will not only be useful in assisting me in finishing the pictures I have already begun, but have suggested several new ideas which I intend to paint if my eyes will permit. During my stay at Constantinople, I never enjoyed better health; although several cases of the plague appeared, and constant rumours of its dreadful effect, yet it never prevented me from mixing with the crowd and seeing everything that could possibly be seen. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Schetky and the Misses Howard a few days ago; they were in good health, and we are all in great hopes of seeing you soon in 'Auld Reekie.' In the meantime, I beg you will give my best wishes to Mrs Schetky, and believe me, my dear John, yours most sincerely,

"WILLIAM ALLAN."

CHAPTER V.

EARLY in the year 1831, John Schetky wrote to one of his former and favourite pupils giving some account of the works upon which he was engaged. I owe much to Admiral White for the kindness with which he has placed this and other letters at my disposal.

"BUCKLAND HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH,
13th February 1831.

. . . . . .

"As to my home studies, I am now painting Columbine off the Rock of Lisbon, with the Experimental Squadron, with also Lisbon Beancods, &c., &c. I lately painted two large water-colour pictures of Northumberland's action with two French frigates and a brig, off L'Orient, for Mr Williams, which got me much credit and thirty pounds cash. After finishing Columbine, I have two more drawings for

the same gentleman to paint of Sir John Phillimore's action, with Clorinde in Eurotas. . . . No doubt you are sketching every day. Now let me advise you to make minute studies of every kind of boat of the country, and draw the inside of them as well as sheer and shape—ay, the *inside*, with all the gear you see in them—nets, crab-pots, spars, casks, sails, and *everything*, most carefully, marking the colours of each, and depend upon it you will find the good of it hereafter. What would not I give just now for a minute study of a Lisbon bean-cod for my present picture! but I have it not, and therefore I am asking everybody about their style and character. Draw also, and colour, the *pescatori* and all sorts of boatmen, and always write under each sketch where they belong to, and above all, *date* them: it is mighty pleasant hereafter to know where you were on such a day—it is a sort of graphic log. I do indeed wish from my heart that I had been by your side on the top of that splendid mountain (Etna). Oh, sir, I shall never behold that sight! No, sir, no. You will go to Rome, no doubt; there also you will be delighted. If you can pick me up a porphyry muller to use with my porphyry stone for

grinding colours, pray don't forget it; I should like the face of it to be about three inches diameter. I suppose they are quite cheap in Italy—indeed I have seen large slabs of porphyry in the very pavement of the streets in Rome. Get some cakes of sepia also; and should you be at Naples, and can conveniently stow away in your cabin a box of macaroni, why, Mrs Schetky and I will be very much obliged to you; say twelve or fifteen pounds, or even twenty pounds, well packed and kept dry. But I must belay for the night.—Addio Amico."

That spring was darkened by the loss of an infant son in whom much pride and hope had centred; but the little first-born daughter who remained proved a constant comfort to her parents. In the autumn my father and his honoured friend Sir Walter Scott met for the last time, when the latter passed through Portsmouth on his way to the Continent. In answer to an invitation to make Buckland House his resting-place on this occasion, Sir Walter wrote:—

"My dear Schetky,—Nothing would delight me so much as to wait upon you as you kindly

propose; but I am so very much a burthen to my friends that I go about like a Highland chief with my tail, the mayor and his sister having chosen to accompany me to amuse me. I must, however, trust to manage a flying glimpse of you when at Portsmouth, from whence I expect a speedy warning. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Schetky at Mertoun two days before I came away.—I am most truly yours,

"WALTER SCOTT."*

"LONDON, *Wednesday.*"

* My mother has left a short account of her only interview with this great man, written down immediately afterwards. It is as follows:—

"On the 26th of October 1831, I accompanied my husband to the Fountain Inn at Portsmouth to see his old friend Sir Walter Scott, who received me very kindly—shook hands with me, saying, 'I am very happy to see you, Mrs Schetky.' I was placed between him and his daughter Ann, and he frequently addressed himself to me. I expressed my hope that he would benefit from the change of climate. 'Why, yes,' said he, 'I hope so too; for hope is all that is left to me, and what would life be without it? But at sixty a man cannot expect much amendment, and I confess I have little hope that the prospect of recovery held out to me will be realised.' I asked him if his stay abroad would be long? 'Why, if I find I really get better, I shall stay to get quite well; but if not, I shall come home again. It is a little hard, after fagging all my life as I have done, that now when I have the power to go where I like, and money too—money to do all things comfortably—this should be laid upon me; but I ought to be very thankful for ease.' I said, 'You suffer no pain, then?' 'Never, except when I walk, and then I have a great deal; I attempted a walk on the Platform yesterday, but I could not manage it.' In speaking of W.

My father was constantly with Sir Walter during his short stay at Portsmouth, and they parted there with little hope of meeting again. Nor did they, for although in Edinburgh at the time of Sir Walter's return to Abbotsford in July 1832, my father would not make any effort to obtain an interview with him in his then exhausted and suffering state, believing that any visitor exterior to his own family would be but an unwelcome intruder. It was shortly before this time that Professor Wilson had asked John Schetky's help in getting a berth on board one of the ships of the Experimental Squadron (the request alluded to in the letter to Mrs Gordon already quoted); and as he left Edinburgh early in July to join the Vernon frigate, my father missed two of his old friends during this visit to his native town. There were still many to

Allan, the artist, he said his sight was much improved, and he could paint again, adding, 'He can see quite well enough for a gentleman, but not for an artist.' He spoke of his library at Abbotsford, which he said was the only good room in the house, and appropriated to music and dancing; 'and there is a recess,' he added with an arch smile, 'for young ladies to flirt in! but you must come and see it, Mrs Schetky, the next time Mr Schetky visits Scotland.'

"Visitors came in, and I shortly took my leave of this great and interesting man—so gentle, so kind, so encouraging, and so accessible. On parting he took my hand in his and said, impressively, 'May health and happiness be with you.'"

welcome him, however; and he writes of "a bright and pleasant day at David Thomson's," and "a splendid musical treat last night at Mr Dauney's, where, after some quartettes, &c., I was made to play the bass in the concert, while Susan R.* and other ladies and gentlemen sang all through the opera of Don Giovanni! . . . I dine to-day in the bedroom of my sick friend Captain Black, R.N., of whom you may have heard Sir James Gordon and me speak. . . . In the course of next week I shall spend a clear day with my old friend Peter Syme;† and perhaps do the same thing with James Nairne‡ at Elie Lodge, about twenty miles down the Firth of Forth; and these are all the trips I shall make this time."

A year later a commission to paint the Antelope yacht for her owner, Lord Willoughby de Broke, took the artist to Chatham, where she was lying, on his way to Sheerness to spend part of his vacation on board the Vestal frigate, which he was about to paint for the Duke of Portland, as a companion picture to one previously executed of his yacht the Pantaloon.

* Miss Rutherfurd, sister of the late Lord Rutherfurd.
† P. Syme, teacher of painting in Dollar Institution.
‡ James Nairne, W.S., F.R.S.E.

Writing from London, *en route*, he mentions finishing a picture of the Siege of Zara for Captain Black, and making the acquaintance of the celebrated Dr Chalmers, with whom he had "walked and talked," and found him "a nice, kind old man." Two years later he writes as follows to Admiral (then Lieutenant) White :—

"BUCKLAND HOUSE,
(where we shall be always most happy to see you, George !)
February 19, 1835.

"MY DEAR UNCHANGING, *unchangeable* GEORGE! —Let me thank you for your very welcome and most interesting letter—indeed your letters are always interesting, because there is sure to be something in them to inform the mind, and your last was rich in that respect. Your account of the Alhambra was beautiful. Oh, why was I not with you! And there you met my excellent Willie Allan! I wish you could have seen more of him, you would soon have found out that he is a *first chop* fellow!

"The opportunity afforded me of tipping you this chit is by young Hindmarsh, just leaving college to join some ship in your seas; and as he is off to-morrow morning, I must make haste

with my despatch—though, faith! it is rather difficult to write against time, particularly to an old friend—and it is late to-night. But now comes the question, What have I to tell the man? In good sooth, I know not. As for news here, there is none. Apropos, my dear wife, who is reading the newspaper at this table, has just this instant read that *William Allan, Esq.*, is duly elected *Royal Academician!* Huzza! huzza! dear Willie!—I love the little man sincerely, George, and this is joy to my heart. . . . I trust (talking of artists) that you cut your pencil *every* day, and that I shall see one day very many interesting sketches. For myself, why, I am, thank God, always close at work for somebody or other. I have painted two large pictures for the Duke of Portland (one hundred guineas each), and am now about two more for the Marquis of Chandos, with many others since you left us, which all brings grist to the mill, you know. . . .

"Never doubt the sincere and friendly assurance of, my dear George, yours most truly,

"J. C. SCHETKY."

In 1836 some consternation was caused amongst the Professors at the Royal Naval

College at Portsmouth when it became known that the Government had decided on dissolving that establishment. John Schetky's lively imagination immediately pictured poverty and privation for his family when deprived of the unvarying support of his fixed salary; but hope was never long a stranger to him; and the suggestion of his valued friend Mr Philip Melvill (then military secretary at the India House), that he should apply for an appointment then vacant at the Military College of Addiscombe near Croydon, similar to the one he had held for twenty-five years at Portsmouth, soon revived his spirits. There was scant time to collect the necessary testimonials to accompany the application; but—as in all the crises of his life—many attached friends were ready with all speed to rally round him, as the following letters (selected from amongst many others) will show:—

"BRIGHTON, *November* 28, 1836.

"MY DEAR SCHETKY,—Immediately on the receipt of your letter I went to the King, who was all kindness about you. I will use his own words: 'I have a great regard for Mr Schetky, and desire Sir Herbert Taylor to write in my

name about him, and they will be very lucky at Addiscombe to get such a man.'

"I sincerely hope you may be successful; at all times command me. Sir John Hobhouse is to be here on Wednesday, when Sir Herbert will see him, and you shall know the result.

"Lady Erroll desires her kindest regards to you,—and ever believe me yours most sincerely, ERROLL."

"37 BAKER STREET, *Nov.* 30, 1836.

"MY DEAR SCHETKY,—The enclosed has this moment been sent to me from the E.I. House, and I hasten to congratulate you upon your success, which I assure you is due more to the 'eminent qualifications' you possess than any exertion on my side. May you be as successful in your probation at Addiscombe as you have been in your long career at the R.N. College, is the sincere wish of yours most faithfully, RIVETT CARNAC.*

"The Lieutenant-Governor of Addiscombe is a friend of our family; if any recommendation in that quarter can be of any use, you have only to let me know. R. C."

* Afterwards Admiral Sir John Rivett Carnac.

"'" "INDIA HOUSE, 30*th November.*

"MY DEAR PAGET, — Your friend Mr Schetky's merits have secured him the appointment at Addiscombe.—Yours very truly,

"CHARLES MILLS."

"DEAR SCHETKY,—I wish you joy.—Yours truly, CHARLES PAGET.

"FAIR OAK, 2*d*."

"INDIA HOUSE, 7*th December* 1836.

"Your appointment, my dear Schetky, has been unanimously confirmed by the Court of Directors to-day. From to-day you are therefore the servant of the East India Company, your salary taking effect accordingly. Accept my renewed congratulations on that happy event—an event which could not have been accomplished but for the high estimation to which you have raised yourself by the constant exercise of fine talents, and by the display of qualities of head and heart which have gained for you the goodwill of an unusually large circle of distinguished friends. You may well be proud of the testimonials which have been laid before the court on your behalf, and I will take care that they are all preserved for you. . . .

Believe me, my dear Schetky, ever most truly yours, PHILIP MELVILL."

Amongst the testimonials to which Mr Melvill alludes, were letters from Sir Thomas Williams, G.C.B., Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth; Sir M. A. Shee, President of the Royal Academy; Stanfield, Turner, Phillips, Pickersgill, and several other Royal Academicians; Lord Yarborough, Lord Munster, Lord Nugent, &c., &c.; and a congratulatory letter from Professor Wilson, which is so quaintly characteristic that I cannot forbear inserting it.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I rejoice to hear that you have been appointed to an honourable situation at Addiscombe; and as one of your oldest and most attached friends, I cannot refrain from sending you my congratulations. Your genius and talents in your own delightful art have always been highly appreciated by the best of your brethren; and it would be presumptuous for me, who am no artist, to think of speaking of them in terms of adequate praise. Yet, having all my life long been passionately fond of the sea and ships, I can feel your great power as a marine painter. Indeed I have had more pleasure in admiring many of your works than

I ever derived from those of any other modern master. As a teacher, I believe you are excelled by none, for you communicate to your pupils not only instruction but enthusiasm. I have known many of them, and have often heard them speak of you with admiration, affection, and respect.

"Allow me to say that I never knew a better son and brother; and, as the father of a family, your character and conduct are not only irreproachable but exemplary.

"Many a happy hour have we passed in each other's society; and during my cruise with the Experimental Squadron a few years ago I had a hundred opportunities of hearing and joining in the warmest praises of your merits, among which are conspicuous the manners and accomplishments of a gentleman.

"Should you happen to meet, in your new situation, with any friends to whom my name as Professor of Moral Philosophy in our University is known, I shall be happy to hear that they have been made aware of the sentiments with which I regard your character.—I am, my dear sir, yours most sincerely, JOHN WILSON.

"GLOUCESTER PLACE, EDINBURGH,
17th Dec. 1836."

It is interesting to trace the career of some of the pupils to whom Professor Wilson alludes, and to meet with such names as that of the late Admiral Robert Fitzroy, who has since rendered such valuable service to his country by his storm-warnings, signals, and weather-glass; and who, in 1831, wrote to my father that, in the course of a recent surveying expedition in which he had been engaged on the coast of Tierra del Fuego, he had named a certain point "on the land first discovered by Cook, Landfall Island," *Cape Schetky*, in remembrance of his old master.

Then come letters from another Admiral, Sir Edmund Lyons, about a certain picture of H.M.S. Madagascar, which seems to have wandered far and near before it reached him at Athens: the first letter gives his own account of the incident to be represented in the portrait of "the dear old Madagascar"—a skilful act of seamanship during one of the sudden squalls off the mouth of the Piræus; the last announces the long-delayed arrival of the picture as follows:—

"ATHENS, *September* 20, 1837.

"MY DEAR SCHETKY,—Lest my last letter to you should be as long on its passage as the picture was in coming to me, I write to repeat Lady Lyons' and my thanks and admiration—the more we look at it the more we like it.

"Imagine its having gone back to Falmouth, and having found its way at last into the Lazaretto at Syra! The moment I heard of its being there, I asked Captain Price to take me over for it in the Portland, in order that it might not go to Damascus or Seringapatam.

"Would that you *could*, or rather *would* come here—for why not? We have steamers from Malta, Marseilles, Trieste, and Ancona: to be sure there is the least taste in life of quarantine in your way back; but what of that? it just gives time for the arrangement of classical remembrances. Come how or when you may, you will be cordially welcomed by yours faithfully, E. LYONS."

Of somewhat earlier date are notes from Captain Basil Hall, the eminent traveller; while the names of Admiral Sir George Rose Sartorius, and the late beloved and respected Earl of Hardwicke; of Sir W. K. Hall, the hero of

the "Nemesis in Borneo;" and of Admirals Edward A. Englefield and R. B. Beechey, who hold as distinguished a position in the artistic as in the naval world,—need no comment.

In March 1837 Mr and Mrs Schetky left Portsmouth and took up their abode at Waddon Lodge, near Croydon, Surrey, whence a walk of two miles took my father to his duties at the East India College of Addiscombe; in the intervals of which he gave a few private lessons, and continued painting on commission as at Portsmouth. One of his water-colour drawings executed in the summer of that year immortalises a gallant exploit of his old ally "Willie Nesbit," the subject of it being thus described by him: "The brave Captain William Nesbit, in the Leith smack Queen Charlotte of six guns, ten men (and a woman!), engaging and beating off a French privateer of sixteen guns and seventy-five men, after an action of one hour and thirty-five minutes." This drawing and another formed his contribution to a charity bazaar held at Helston in October 1837, where both were sold. They are now in the possession of Francis Johns, Esq. of Blandford, Dorset.

In the spring of 1838 Mrs Schetky was summoned into Cornwall to the deathbed of her

mother; and I find some letters written to her at this time by her husband from which I must take some extracts.

"WADDON LODGE, CROYDON,
Monday, 30th April 1838.

. . . . . .

"I thought that as our letters have always crossed each other when you have been away, that I would wait till Wednesday ere writing to you; but I find that impossible, and am only sorry that I did not post this to-day. Oh, how I have thought of you all! and the intensely interesting letters which I have received from your dear sisters have been quite overpowering; but you are with them now. I must trust to be forgiven when I tell you that last night I could not go to bed to enjoy its comforts while I knew that you and my dear children were in a cold coach on your dreary journey to Falmouth and Helston. I therefore sat up till half-past one, the time James told me you would arrive in Helston. And God grant that you were in time: if not, remember, my dearest Charlotte, that you did all in your power, and rest content under the belief that He who has thought fit to take your best of mothers to Himself, also willed that you should not be

there. Oh! will Wednesday ever come, and bless me with good news of you all, and your safe arrival, and how you bore the long, long journey! My dear little ones too, Charly and little sweet innocence her sister, how did they fare? Kiss them often for me. I have been very nervous all yesterday and to-day thinking of you and your errand, but I shall be better on Wednesday after post. . . . I have been drawing all day for Haling Park. . . . Tell my dear, good, little Charlotte that I shall not forget her to-morrow.* I shall pack a carpet-bag, and be all ready on Wednesday should your much-longed-for letter on that day contain any advice as to my moving westward —alas! the cause: but it's *all right*, rest assured of that—and gratitude, and not grief, that you have all been blessed with such a treasure so long, is, I have no doubt, the sincere and uppermost feeling in your hearts; I am sure it is in mine. God Almighty bless you, my ever dear and affectionate partner, and my little sleeping darlings! Good night, for I am going to bed. Adieu!

"Tuesday morning.—No letters to-day, which raises my spirits exceedingly; and I am even

* His eldest daughter's birthday.

yet hoping that you were in time, my dearest. This will be a long day and night, but to-morrow 12 o'clock will come at last, and I shall have a letter. Oh, may it breathe comfort to me respecting you and yours, my dear wife! For the great event, which may have happened while I write, we must trust in an almighty and just God, who ordereth all things; and let us be content with whatever burden He sees fit to lay upon us, praying that He will be gracious to His afflicted servants, comforting the mourners, and imparting to them the consolations of His Holy Spirit. Amen.

"I must really now close my letter, dear Charlotte, with my best blessing and sincere prayers upon the head of my dear little Charlotte on the ninth birthday which she has been permitted to see in health and happiness. Oh, may her life to come be as sunny as that portion of it gone by, prays her affectionate father and your husband, J. C. SCHETKY."

"WADDON LODGE, *9th June* 1838.

. . . . . .

"*Now* I am yours! I am free from College duties—delightful! We finished to-day at 11 A.M. I came home and packed. Oh, I am very restless now—I want to be *with* you!

. . . . . .

"I shall go to College to-morrow right early and hang up my boys' drawings;* and after walking about for an hour, just to show myself as being on the spot, return home and finish putting away lumber; and then off to town for the Rocket on Tuesday morning, and from the Rocket away on board the Brunswick! Then hush, ye winds, that she may fly to the west; and hush too, my restless spirit, and be still and calm, my thumping heart!

. . . . . .

"Now I wish you not to expect me on Wednesday night, as the Drake is so uncertain —so *provokingly* uncertain. I never but once got to Falmouth till very late, so that if I cannot walk up to Carwythenack with daylight, I must not try in the dark, as I don't know a foot of the road; it will be very tiresome, though, if I must stay all night at Falmouth. Well, we must be content to be guided by the Great Helmsman who steers all ships, and calls up the winds or lulls them to sleep at His will; and in whose hands I leave you.—And so, with

* Referring to the half-yearly Examination-day at the end of term, when the drawings, sand-models, &c., executed by the cadets were exhibited, previous to the review.

many kisses to my little darlings, I remain your most affectionate friend and husband,

"J. C. SCHETKY."

Nine months later I find the following letter to Admiral (then Lieutenant) White:—

"WADDON LODGE, NEAR CROYDON,
9th February 1839.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—The sight of your handwriting, which tells me you are still in the world, is too sincere a pleasure for me to withstand informing you of it immediately. I presume that, by the pressure of perpetual occupation which you mention, you are first luff. of that splendid man-of-war* which I know of old. You will find she will sail and work like a witch with you, if she has not lost her former excellent qualities. But though you have, no doubt, much to do, can't you find half an hour to tell us just a little of what you have been about for so long a time? Pray do. . . .

"Do you remember, I painted a large picture of Implacable and Centaur burning a Russian seventy-four, for Sir A. Hood? And talking of painting, what have you been about

* H.M.S. Implacable.

in that way? I have been, and still am, slashing away—painting actions, &c., &c. A large six-feet picture of Trafalgar, for Sir P. H. Durham. Do., same size, Capture of Guillaume Tell, and two others for Edinburgh exhibition; and the present picture, Wreck of the Magnificent, for Captain G. Gosling (six feet).

"To be sure, as you say, it feels very queer that I can see no mast-heads here, nor a blue-jacket, at any time! However, I can at a short notice run down to Portsmouth, to sketch the portrait of any craft which I may have a commission to paint; and I have done so lately, to get the lines of Lord Yarborough's cutter.

"I like Addiscombe very much, and have much time to myself, being only two days in the week on duty; and if I want to go away for eight or ten days, I have only to ask a brother officer to take my duty for me, and as I make it up on my return, there is no objection. Isn't that capital?

"Adieu, my dear White.

"Write soon, and tell me when you sail and where you are going.—Yours most faithfully,

"J. C. SCHETKY."

The following January he writes of having

"just got in my Royal George composition with charcoal on the canvas."

This allusion is to a large picture of the Sinking of H.M.S. Royal George at Spithead, which he had long been contemplating, and which has been considered by artistic connoisseurs as one of his best works.

It was purchased, when only half finished, by his brother-in-law, the Rev. Edward Trevenen, in fulfilment of a determination cherished ever since their youthful friendship at Oxford, and alluded to in a letter begging for a portrait of their mutual favourite "Peter," which he addressed to my father in 1808.

The immediate sale of this picture was peculiarly opportune and welcome, as it occurred at a season of somewhat heavy expenses to the never very prosperous artist,* and when he had just been disappointed of another expected and important commission. Accordingly the letter announcing the transaction to his wife is headed

"GOOD NEWS!"

and runs as follows :—

* A few weeks before, having, during a brief stay at Portsmouth, given ten shillings towards a fund being raised there to aid the widow of a former acquaintance, he remarks casually—"My stomach paid punishment, as I could not afford supper in the mail—but maybe that was as well."

"Oh my dear wifie, why is there no post to-morrow, that I might tell you in the shortest possible time that *I have sold my half-finished picture of Royal George for two hundred and fifty pounds!* Yes, yes, it's very true indeed. When I came home to-day, I just turned my picture from the wall to see how my yesterday's work looked, and saw, upon a bit of paper pasted in one corner, the word '*Sold.*' Edward was with me, and I said, 'Who has done this? Ah, this is your fun!' 'No, upon my honour—but is my *earnest.* I have long ago resolved to possess myself of one of your great works, and I think this will be your best: therefore it's mine, upon two conditions; viz., that it goes into the Exhibition—and that if you strike off a single shilling of the utmost price you would charge a stranger, you will offend me!' I was confounded, and am gulping now, and can hardly see my pen—I must blow my nose and wipe my eyes. The dear man has just gone up to bed, and I knew I could not sleep till I had poured out the knowledge of our good fortune to my dearest partner of all my griefs and joys. Oh, I'm very thankful, and so are you, I am quite sure. Come home in *three* mail-coaches, and don't talk to me of expense!

Now, but is not this astounding? I was not prepared, and was mute and stupefied. Well, let us thank God for all good, as well as for all seeming evil which we cannot understand. Amen.

" . . . And now I must go to bed, as I had a fagging day at College, and was much vexed by the conduct of my third class—four of whom I reported;* but I am very happy, very happy; and with a full heart and grateful, I pray the God of all mercies to protect and keep my treasure and her dear sisters. Adieu."

This letter is dated February 1840, and in October of that year, one from Edward Trevenen acknowledges the arrival of *two* additions to his "little gallery,"—for with the expected

* This was an extreme measure much disliked by my father, who never resorted to it unless he thought it necessary for his "boys'" own sakes; but as they were almost as much attached to him as he was to them, a serious breach of discipline in his study-hall was very rare. On one occasion, looking up suddenly while correcting a drawing, he caught the owner thereof making a hideous grimace at him. Paralysed by detection and fear of its consequences, the lad was unable to restore his features immediately to their wonted aspect, and stood staring at his master with consternation written on his distorted visage. My father looked at him for a minute and then remarked, "That is a very pretty face, sir!" and went on correcting the sketch. The whole class was convulsed with laughter, and the culprit slunk back to his seat, ashamed and grateful, and offended no more.

picture of the Royal George had come a small one of Wolf's Crag, designated in the letter which accompanied them as "the little pilot to tow the big frigate into harbour!"

This has also been considered a very happy effort of John Schetky's brush. In writing of the Royal George, its possessor alludes to "your sacrifice of the picture Stanfield promised you, because you thought *my* picture would be the worthier for his magic touch upon the clouds" —a sentence which hardly needs the explanation that my father had looked forward to possessing one of the works of his admired friend and brother artist, Clarkson Stanfield; but desirous of making the picture which was to be the property of the friend of so many years as perfect as possible, and thinking Stanfield's painting of skies superior to his own, had asked him to give the time he had offered to finishing the clouds which hung over the sinking of the Royal George, instead of to the execution of a picture for himself.

In the summer of 1840 John Schetky made an acquaintance (through a commission for two pictures), which resulted in a life-long friendship with the late Mr Robert Napier of Shandon, near Helensburgh—a man whom to know well

was to respect and love—and from his house proceeded to Kyleakin, Isle of Skye, to visit the family of one of his Addiscombe "boys," afterwards Colonel William Alexander Mackinnon, C.B., and a distinguished aide-de-camp of Lord Clyde at the time of the Indian Mutiny in 1857-58. The following December brought invitations from the Earl of Hardwicke to Wimpole, and from Mr Williams to Temple House, near Marlow; and the Christmas vacation was divided between the two, after an evening spent at Stanfield's house to meet "Dickens (*Boz*), Maclise, and a few other friends."

CHAPTER VI.

(To Admiral White.)

"WADDON LODGE, *9th March* 1841.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,—Your very kind and most welcome letter reached me to-day in my painting-room, just as daylight was leaving me after a long day's work from nine till six upon a great big picture of Anson returning victorious with M. Jonquière's fleet in tow, 1747, (3d of May). I am anxious to have it finished for the Exhibition.

"Your letter, my dear White, was a great treat, and you have my best thanks for the true and sincere friendship which it breathes, and I assure you that (as the saying is) "there is no love lost between us." Would indeed that I could have been by your side in your first view of Stamboul! and also in gay and

beautiful Italy! The statues you mention are familiar to me—not the originals though—and they are certainly most beautiful; but there is no talking of such excellence in measured terms —I believe we are both agreed in that.

"Mrs Schetky and I both deplore your disappointment as to promotion; but stand on! it's no use going about, for you'll never fetch where you left. Depend upon it, you'll get the step on the ship's return or paying off—and good luck to you, my dear fellow! We shall have *Captain* White dining with us some day, and we do hope sooner than he himself expects. Perseverance is the soul and spirit of the British Navy! and you know it better than I do. 'Hold up your head, then, and strike out!' as Jack said to a drowning Italian overboard in the Bay of Naples. To change the subject, my last year's picture in the Exhibition was the Royal George going down at Spithead —a difficult subject, but I succeeded pretty well. I am delighted to hear you keep up your practice in the Art: it will be a happiness to you all your days, *mind that.* . . .

"Now, my dear George, if you would win my heart entirely, get your sail-maker to make and fit *in all particulars of gear*—a fore-sail,

fore-top-sail, and fore-top-gallant-sail (not made of cotton, if possible)—for a frigate fifteen feet upon deck. Your carpenter will give you the length of spars and hoist of a 36-gun frigate, and you can soon reduce them to scale. I suppose somewhere about two inches to a foot. I have all masts, yards, and rigging, complete and beautiful, but can't get the sails *ship-shape.* I have it not at hand though, else I would send you the measure; but I believe the main-yard is eight feet extreme length, and the main-top-sail-yard something more than four feet. I have not the face to ask for more than these three sails, nor even them unless it may be found *quite convenient* on board, and the man time enough on his hands to undertake the job; if he can, I would then request of you to make him a suitable present for his trouble, and I'll be most thankful to square the yards with you when we meet: as also for the linen and cordage thimbles; they must be made of copper nails or bits of old copper. You will perceive at once my object and desire to have this model—it is to place it on my lawn and draw from it, for there are no mast-heads to be seen here at Croydon; and I am much at a loss for details when my ships come large in

the foreground. But I must now say good night, for it's very late—protesting that when I began this letter, I had no thought of asking this boon about the sails; it just came into my head as I was writing.*—I remain yours most sincerely, J. C. SCHETKY."

The following spring (1842) found him finishing a picture of the Battle of Algiers for Lord Hardwicke, and four small pictures illustrative of one of his favourite sailor-songs, "The 'Bacco-Box," for his old friend Robert Liston, the eminent surgeon. In June of the same year he accompanied Lord Hardwicke to Berlin, on the occasion of his going with the King of Prussia to St Petersburg as British Minister-Plenipotentiary. He thus writes of this expedition to Edward Trevenen :—

"STETTIN ! of all places in the world !
24th June 1842.

"I daresay, my dear 'Commodore,' that you have had a notice from Waddon of my sudden flight with Lord Hardwicke? It was all the

* I need hardly say that the sails were most kindly and promptly supplied, and became a very useful and highly-valued adjunct of the artist's studio.

matter of a moment: he hailed me from a cab in Bond Street, and offered me a seat to Berlin in his carriage if I could be ready the same night. Having no exact plans for the vacation, I thought this was not to be lost, and my dear wifie seemed quite inclined that I should accept —and so I did. Ran home at eight per rail, bundled some things into a trunk, and in an hour was out of my house again on my way to the steamer: got on board at half-past one in the morning (Wednesday, 15th), and sailed at five. Sharp work that! Well, we got to Hamburg on Friday, noon, and remained admiring and deploring over the ruins of the tremendous fire. *Awful!* Left Hamburg on Monday at three P.M. and slept at a little town called Boitzenburg. Tuesday (and night) brought us to Berlin at three, Wednesday morning. Went to Potsdam by railroad (beautiful), I walking about sketching, while Lord H. went to the Palace to report himself to the King, whose visitor he is; and in the return train, King, Queen, and all the Court went to Berlin with all nations, and no fuss about it! Lord H. came to me at our hotel, and he getting rid of his uniform, we called upon the British Ambassador, and saw Lord Burghersh the Minister.

In the hotel again we had a 'tell,' and my most kind and considerate friend thought with me that there was a chance not to be thrown away in idle gazing about Berlin to see sights—*i.e.*, the chance of painting a picture of the King's embarkation at Dantzic on his royal visit to the Emperor of Russia; so I resolved to follow his lordship's opinion and my own, as I shall never be in Germany again, nor does he go every year upon the high seas. Lord Hardwicke said, 'You know you have a friend at Court, and I'll leave no stone unturned to bring you before his Majesty;' and he has begun, indeed, by introducing me to Baron Humboldt and to the King's Chamberlain, two important people. The Chamberlain said, 'Ha, indeed!' when he was told that I had come so far for that purpose. I have had but little sleep since we left Hamburg, having much night-work* as well as day upon the road, and I travelled all yesterday and night and arrived here at six this morning, and why we are detained (*i.e.*, the coach-passengers, for I am alone) till one o'clock P.M. I can't think: it will take from that hour till

* Lord Hardwicke had been taken ill at Hamburg, and my father was sleeping in his room in order to render any assistance he might require.

to-morrow (Saturday) night to get to Dantzic. Well, I shall go to church there, and return thanks for the many mercies showered upon my undeserving head—and finish this sheet there. I cannot now enter upon anything like notes of observation, &c., &c.; I shall only say that the roads in this country exceed all others for excellence I ever saw: the villages are very like those in Cornwall and your county; the bare legs and feet of the children very Scotch, and quite as dirty! my fellow-travellers great, big, burly-faced "Dandy Dinmont" looking fellows, all smoking, *all*—though ladies are among them in the coach, or rather *wagen*. But adieu, for I am nodding over my pen.

"*Dantzic, 28th June.*—Got here at six on Sunday morning, after three days and nights' travelling, tiresome enough. Was most kindly received by our British Consul here and his amiable family; and after going to church with his single-hearted and affectionate wife, I dined at his house. Lord Hardwicke arrived just in time to take his seat at the dinner-table—this was all very agreeable. His lordship lodges there by appointment of the King, and I have lived there ever since I came. They are so kind to me, it is quite affecting.

"The King arrived last night and reviewed his troops before our windows (as he lives opposite) about an hour ago, nine o'clock—a fine sight. He embarks to-night.* I was in some hopes of getting to St Petersburg to sketch the royal debarkation, but being too late to have my name included in the list of persons accompanying the King which was sent to the Emperor, it cannot be—so I shall look about me here a day or two, and then return by way of Königsberg, Stockholm, Gothenburg, and thence to Hull in a steamer. And so now, my dear 'Commodore,' adieu.—Yours ever most faithfully and affectionately, SCHETKY."

To supplement this letter I must insert some extracts from an unfinished diary commenced during this tour.

"*June 22d*, 3 A.M.—Arrived in Berlin. Breakfast at nine—walked about. This is by far the most magnificent city I ever saw. Called upon Lord Burghersh, British Minister, and saw her ladyship's pictures. Went to Potsdam—beautiful. Returned at the end of two hours.

* His father was afterwards much gratified by a commission from Lord Hardwicke to paint the embarkation of the King of Prussia at Dantzic. This picture was finished and sent to the Earl at Sidney Lodge, Southampton Water, in 1844.

The King, Queen, and all the Court in the same train, Lord Hardwicke with them.

"23*d.*—Off for Stettin. The country on the road to Stettin is flat, but highly cultivated, much to the credit of the farmer and the King —for a few years ago the whole was a weary waste of sand, and still there are miles and miles stretching as far as the eye can reach, looking very like 'Lang Whang and Little Vantage and on to Carnwath Muir;' but whether there is 'wale o' wigs' in these districts or no, I'm sure I couldna say, for I had no time to go and see!*

"The sides of the road, however, are most beautifully lined with all manner of elegant trees: you have miles of the acacia, the trembling birch, poplar, &c., and then miles of cherry-trees in full bearing. Corn, corn, corn, and nothing but corn is to be seen all over Prussia —here and there a patch of peas, flax, and tobacco. I forgot, lots of potatoes. I heard a nightingale just now in a cage at a window singing most melodiously (24th June). Poor thing, how I should like to let him out!

* He alludes to a well-known Scotch story, of which a version is given by Dean Ramsay in his 'Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character,' pp. 206, 207.

"It is now past eight, and still no move likely. Why we are kept here since 6 A.M. I cannot find out.

"They call the coach 'Der Schnell Post;' I should read that *snail post*, as it only goes two miles (German) in an hour and a half, and about twenty minutes changing horses! They are so careful of their horses—and that's kind.

"*June 26th, Dantzic.*—This is a most picturesque town and very old. Dined with the British Consul, Mr Plaw. Walked after dinner on the banks of the Vistula. Saw hoards of Poles sitting by mountains of their wheat, which they bring down the river in flat-bottomed craft, which, when they are emptied of their cargo, are broken up for firewood, and these men walk home again. They were cooking by wood-fires at the doors of their wigwams of straw; anything so wretched and miserable I could not imagine, but so contented and quiet! Quite a picture for Allan or Wilkie. Went to church in the afternoon with Mrs Plaw—the cathedral very fine, the organ magnificent: saw the wonderful picture of Van Eyck. The organ was well played, the singing excellent—congregation as quiet as mice; while the minister's voice was echoed from the high vaulted roofs like angels

whispering the repetition of his words. We sat in the King's pew.

"28*th.*—The King came here yesterday, and after reviewing his troops, and driving through the town to examine various places and things, he embarked at seven o'clock. I went with Mr Plaw and his family to Fahrwasser, the harbour of Dantzic at the mouth of the Vistula, and saw the royal party off in the Russian steamers.

"29*th.*—Sketched and dined with Mr Plaw. Spent the evening with four Englishmen in this house, the English Hotel,—said to be the best in Dantzic, but certainly the very worst I ever lived in.

"31*st.*—Sketched, and went to see Oliva, a beautiful and superb monastery about six miles from Dantzic: the grounds are splendid. The interior must be *seen*, there is no describing it—the altars and organ!

"After many pleasant pastimes, left Dantzic, July 2d. Nothing on the road to interest; very bad dinners all the way—raw ham and raw herrings *always*—beastly! On the road two days and nights to Stettin; remained there two days; dined with the kind British Consul, Mr Peterson, and went to the opera. From Stettin to Berlin from 7 P.M. till 10 A.M. next day."

The diary breaks off abruptly, but it will have been perceived that John Schetky did not carry out his intention of returning to England *viâ* Stockholm, but retraced his steps to Berlin and Hamburg, whence he paid a short visit to Admiral Sir John Hindmarsh, then governor of Heligoland.

In the summer of 1843, after a short stay at Cowes (where he was an honorary member of the Royal Yacht Squadron), he went with two Portsmouth friends, Messrs Jeans and Martin, for a tour to Paris and down the Loire to Nantes, of which he writes with great delight—first from Havre of the voyage, "which every one on board but myself called desperate horrid." Then from Rouen, charmed with the cathedral and disgusted with the hotel. Then from Tours —"I cannot go to bed without a few lines, were it only to tell you that in my life I never had such a treat as the sail down the Loire to this place. It is quite impossible for me to describe the beauties of this river—the old castles in all their pristine grandeur frowning on the flood from their giddy steeps, every one (of the many) more picturesque than the last, and most distressing to me to pass so quickly and in a steamboat, on board of which it is impossible

to sketch at all. I tried many times, but in vain." Next from Nantes; and finally on board

"CAMILLA STEAMER, 13*th July* 1843 (at sea).

"Here we are on the ocean blue again, which to *me* is another delight. My last was from Nantes, from which place we came to Rennes last night, through certainly a very fine country: the first part of our journey, for about thirty miles, in a little steamer up the Erdre, a most lovely river tributary to the Loire, into which it flows at Nantes; on either side, by its smooth and reedy banks, tens of thousands of magnificent water-lilies smiled and shed their sweet odour, and as the river narrowed to its source on our voyage up it, we could not help smashing thousands of this beautiful flower—what a pity! But to our journey: on our arrival at Rennes last night at half-past six we found most unexpectedly that there was a coach to start for St Malo at 9 P.M., so we instantly secured places, and had just time for a bit of dinner, and off again all through the night, and arrived at St Malo at half-past 5 A.M., just in time (and hardly) to get passport business settled and jump on board this steamer. We shall be at Jersey in two hours, and this boat goes no further.

On Saturday we shall leave the Islands for Southampton, and then by 'Brunswick' to Plymouth and Falmouth and—Helston!" *

Spending the few days' interval between his arrival at Southampton and the departure of the Cornish steamer at Cowes, he writes: "I have had a beautiful cruise with Mr Corbet—a largish party on board—the Earl of Belmore, Marquis of Ormond, Mr M'Kenzie (son of our old friend), and my old and kind friend the Marquis of Anglesea, who invited me to cruise with him. We went to Spithead and I called on board the Castor frigate to see my old friend Captain Graham. We met, ay, and shook hands most cordially—but lo! we found out that he was not *my* Captain Graham at all. However, he was all kindness, and on board I was hailed by the Luffs: 'How do you do, my old friend Schetky?' (all my former boys at College!)—and as the ship is going to Plymouth on her way to China, they have offered me a passage there 'for auld lang syne.' Therefore, not by Brunswick steamer but by Castor frigate, and we sail on Wednesday morning early—(beautiful!) How nice all this is!"

* Mrs Schetky was at this time in Cornwall with her children, visiting her sister Mrs Maule.

The year 1844 was marked first by his official appointment as Marine Painter in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen, and secondly by the commencement of a friendship with the late Duke of Rutland, which became one of the greatest happinesses of his after-life. He used to tell how, walking on the beach at Cowes with Lord Hardwicke, they met two friends of the Earl, both dukes, to whom with his accustomed hearty kindness he introduced my father. The one bowed courteously and continued his conversation with Lord Hardwicke; the other looked the artist in the face for a moment, and then held out his hand. It was as it were "love at first sight" between the two men, each then in his sixty-seventh year; and no friendship formed in the first enthusiasm of youth ever proved more strong and lasting—perhaps few so equal. And here I must guard against any imputation of presumption to my father. I know that many will be ready to endorse my words when I say, that he never forgot the distinction of rank between himself and those noblemen who were willing to call him friend; but the equality to which I allude was that of the faithful affection which grew up between him and the late much-honoured Duke

of Rutland, and which was afterwards extended to him and accepted from him with a no less generous grace by the present noble wearer of the title.

An invitation to visit the Duke at Longshaw Lodge, Derbyshire, in the following September, to meet the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, through whom it was conveyed, was the commencement of a long series of vacation visits, paid sometimes at Belvoir Castle, sometimes again in Derbyshire—most often, perhaps, on board the beloved schooner-yacht Resolution,—periods of happy intercourse of which John Schetky always wrote and spoke most gratefully. And when, in the later years of his long life, his thoughts would naturally often turn to the land of renewed youth and of resumed and strengthened friendships, he would dwell with vivid delight upon the reunion with "my old friend, the best of dukes!" and would describe in graphic terms the picture of that meeting, conjured up by his fertile imagination.

In the month of October 1844, the Marine Painter in Ordinary was present at Portsmouth on the occasion of Louis Philippe's arrival to visit the Queen. The following is his account of this event, addressed to his eldest daughter:

"R.Y.S. CLUB-HOUSE, COWES,
18*th October* 1844.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—As you may be wondering what your father is about all this time, I shall try to recollect all that has passed under my eye during this last bustling week of events. After I left you all at Waddon Lodge on Sunday night, 6th, I got in time—just in time—for the Portsmouth train, and arrived in that town at one o'clock in the morning. At six I believe all the inhabitants of Portsmouth were astonished, as I was, to hear a continual roar of great guns! so up I jumped (and many thousands more), assured by such a manifestation that the King of the French was close at hand. I therefore got into my boat and crossed the harbour to Blockhouse Fort and took up my station for sketching this extraordinary arrival. It was very cold and misty, and I could see nothing except many boats pulling out to meet the illustrious visitor; so after standing there on the beach all alone for some time (like a fool!) I went back to a comfortable breakfast at my hotel (The Quebec). Then about nine o'clock the cry was 'He's coming.' I instantly returned to my post, and made my first sketch of his distant appearance—another just as he

entered the harbour—and another as he was passing up to the moorings, where his Majesty's ship was made fast. I then went on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and sketched during the day; and as we lay near the Gomer (the French royal yacht), I had a good view of all that passed—thousands of boats round the ship, all having flags and all cheering like madmen. And when Prince Albert with the Duke of Wellington came in the royal barge to go on board and welcome the King, the *yell* of delight was overpowering.

"But I must resume my pen again when I can, for it is twelve o'clock and I must be up at six, and was not in bed till one and up again at five this morning on the sea—so good night.

"Now for it again. Well, as you know all about the kind way in which the King received and answered the city of Portsmouth's address, I need not write it. Then the naval and military authorities went on board and paid their respects (this was before Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington arrived), and then the King went on shore with these two great personages, and the moment after the royal party left the Gomer, I went with the officers of the Queen's yacht on board of Gomer to pay

our respects to the French Admiral, and we were received in the King's splendid cabin, fitted and furnished most magnificently with rich gold-coloured damask satin. He was most polite, —returned our visit on board the Victoria and Albert yacht half an hour afterwards. I went on sketching, and called upon the Mayor and Corporation about a large picture for the town-hall of Portsmouth which I am to paint—so say the newspapers, and the Portsmouthites too, if they can get up the money by subscription. After all this I returned home,* as you know, but went off again after College duty on Saturday to be present at the great civic feast—though disappointed by a storm and rushing tide; could not get across the harbour till midnight. Up, Monday morning, at six—on the water sketching: went on board the Victoria and Albert, and remained all day, expecting the French King's return to embark for France. After breakfast the day turned out awful—continued rain, and half a gale of wind. About 4 P.M. the Queen, Prince Albert, French King, &c., arrived at Portsmouth, and took shelter in my friend Tom Grant's house in the Clarence Victualling Yard—(he is the store-keeper). He

* To his duties at Addiscombe.

was just then the happiest man living; for as Prince Albert told him that the Queen and all the party were starving and begged for a mutton-chop! he had the satisfaction of being able to say that luncheon was just being served, and how highly honoured he should consider himself if her Majesty would condescend to partake of it. The fact was, that he had a large party in his house to see the royal arrival and embarkation, and had prepared this capital lunch for them; but they were all bundled upstairs out of sight, and their repast devoured by the *Royalists!* Well, Louis Philippe went off back again, through London to Dover, there to embark for France; and the Queen, after writing three letters, and having had tea and coffee, came on board her Majesty's own yacht, where I was and saw her distinctly, as the ship was lit up with twelve blue-lights—splendid! All the royal servants were at Osborne House near Cowes—where, but for the weather, her Majesty intended to have slept—and thus her Majesty was unattended; so about twelve o'clock at night, while Lord Adolphus FitzClarence, Captain Hall, and I, were enjoying a glass of toddy in the ward-room, a shore-boat came alongside bringing *a maid for the Queen!* under the

protection of Captain Packingham, the General's aide-de-camp. Next morning at seven, the Queen was on deck with the Prince, Lord Liverpool, and the Countess of Gainsborough; and at eight we steamed out of harbour to land her Majesty at Osborne House. In sailing through Spithead the Queen visited the Gomer, under grand salutes, flags, and all manner of loyal demonstrations. After her Majesty returned on board, and we were proceeding towards Cowes, Lord Adolphus FitzClarence called me up from the ward-room to go aft with him, as the Queen had desired his lordship to introduce me; so away I went, hat in one hand, sketch-book in the other. Our gracious Queen was exceedingly kind, and so was Prince Albert —looked over my sketches, and were pleased. After an interval her Majesty asked if I had sketched anything that day—meaning the visit to the Gomer at Spithead. I answered that the rain and wind had prevented me, but that I intended to do so on my return. Her Majesty said, 'I think it would make a good picture, just as I was getting into my barge,' &c. Afterwards I said that when I had got my sketches in a state to be seen, I should feel highly honoured if her Majesty would allow me to

send them for her inspection; and the answer was, 'If you please, I should like to see them,' —and then I retired.

"Well, after landing the Queen at Osborne House, I returned to Portsmouth with the Lords of the Admiralty in their Lordships' steamer, and proceeded home by rail; and when I was sent for to Osborne again on Thursday last by my Royal Mistress, it was to receive her commands to paint two pictures for her Majesty —one of her coming on board by the glare of the blue-lights, and the other the royal visit to the Gomer.

"The Countess of Gainsborough also commissioned me to paint her ladyship one of the blue-lights scene, and I have one to paint for Lord Yarborough* of *his* part in the play, with his yachts saluting, &c.; so, altogether, the last week has been an eventful one in my history, and I hope that much good may come of it for the sake of your dear mother, yourself, and little sisters. And here end my Portsmouth adventures; so for the present I remain your most affectionate father,

J. C. SCHETKY."

* The Earl of Yarborough was at that time Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

To this I must add an extract from a letter written during a visit to Lord and Lady Hardwicke at Wimpole in January 1845: "His lordship told me last night that at the dinner-table at Windsor Castle, on the day I delivered my last drawing, he asked the Prince if he had seen my picture and how the Queen liked it? His Royal Highness said he had not seen it, but would ask her Majesty, which he did 'across the table;' and she answered with 'great animation and quickness that it was quite the very thing she wished, and a very nice drawing!' I am glad of that, and so are you, I daresay. . . . My kind host said he was delighted to hear the Queen's answer, as he was sure it was the truth; because it was her answer to her husband's question, and not to any friend of mine inquiring as to my success in the work."

The following June found John Schetky again on board the royal yacht, sketching busily, and sending graphic accounts of each day's events to his wife and children.

"COWES, *27th June* 1845.

. . . . . .

"On Saturday her Majesty sailed down to Spithead and inspected the fleet—of course, I

was at my post on board with our dear Queen, not only on that day but every day as long as she remained at Osborne House. Well, it was a beautiful sight—the tens of thousands of boats, steamers, cutters, schooners, luggers, barges, and indeed everything that could swim; then the millions of flags, the thundering of great guns, the cheering of all the crews upon the yards, and altogether—oh, it was splendid! and made one's heart jump for joy. I made a sketch of it, and got up next morning at six, and finished it before the Queen came off. I then took it to General Wemyss, and he said he would tell the Prince; I was instantly sent for by Prince Albert, who received me and my drawing most kindly, and took my offering directly to her Majesty, which pleased her much, and she sent to say she was very much obliged; and in the course of the cruise, seeing me sketching, came up to me requesting to see, and then said I had given her a very beautiful drawing!

"Then on Monday the same grand spectacle was repeated by the fleet, but better—as they performed several evolutions, making sail and reefing sails, &c., &c. Then the Superb got under way and sailed out some twelve or

fifteen miles, the royal yacht keeping company, and hundreds following us, as you may suppose,—among the rest the good Duke of Rutland, with the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke on board, Lord Hardwicke steering the Resolution when they passed the royal yacht. I held up my hat in one hand and let the leaves of my sketch-book flipper in the wind in my other hand, and thus was recognised by the Duke and his party with waving of hats.

"When we returned with the Superb (man-of-war of 80 guns), the Queen sent to desire that I would sketch that magnificent ship immediately; so I went to work, and Prince Albert came and looked on, saying, 'I think the Superb sits very well for you—I do not think any lady could sit better.' Before I had finished my sketch the Queen sent to know if it was done; and I found out afterwards that her impatience to see it was because her Majesty was making a sketch of the same ship at the same time that she desired me to do it, and wished to compare them.

"We expect her Majesty back to see the fleet sail in a few days, and after all that is over she told Lord Adolphus FitzClarence that she wished to take me with her to Ger-

many! I go to-morrow to cruise for a day or two with the Duke of Rutland and Lord and Lady Hardwicke in the Channel."

"ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON CLUB-HOUSE,
COWES, *July* 15, 1845.

"Never did I witness such a sight as that of this day! In the morning after breakfast, went on board of the royal yacht in harbour; the Queen came off an hour after; all the harbour gay beyond description. At about half-past eleven we steamed out to Spithead, each side of Portsmouth *crammed* with people, guns firing, flags flying, and every demonstration of loyalty. Coming near Spithead, off went a splendid salute—yards *not* manned because the fleet was about to get under way; but the Queen hove out the signal to 'man yards,' which, though unprepared for, was done *directly*, and no accident, which I feared. Well, by signal, all the fleet got under way. Oh what a sight! The day was (for an artist) capital—such lights and shades; and then the thousands of yachts, boats, steamers, &c.—there was no end to them. We went on with the fleet slowly, and as they passed the royal yacht, they manned the rigging and saluted: there never was anything like it!

"The Queen received my sketches by the hand of Lord Hardwicke, who was on board (came with her Majesty); and he afterwards came up to me and took me aside, saying, 'Did you watch the success of your gift?' I said, 'No, I was *shy*.' 'Oh!' said he, 'she was much delighted; and while I was undoing the string which bound them, said, "Mr Schetky does these things most beautifully." These,' said his lordship, 'were her Majesty's own words.'

. . . . . .

"Having accompanied the fleet to St Catherine's Point, back of the Isle of Wight, we returned and landed the Queen at 6 P.M. at Osborne; and here I am, having seen Lord Yarborough sail away with the fleet.* Well, it's pleasant and honourable, but lonely after all, and expensive, and I seem to want to be at home.

"Her Majesty returns to London on Thursday, comes back on Saturday, and remains here till the prorogation of Parliament, and then for Germany.

"There were to-day—all afloat in various

* Lord Yarborough had invited him to accompany him, but he considered it his duty to remain at Cowes.

craft—five dukes, *i.e.*, Rutland, Marlborough, Devonshire, Portland, and Buccleuch; also, or rather *first*, our own Queen and Prince, Queen Adelaide, King Leopold and his Queen, Prince George of Cambridge; all the Admiralty, all the East India Directors, all the Trinity Board. Oh what a day!"

"PORTSMOUTH, *17th July* 1845.

"... This morning at six I was up (at the club) sketching a little till seven, when Lord Adolphus came down; then we breakfasted, went on board the royal yacht, and went and took the royal party on board, and sailed for this port, where they landed, and are in London by this time.

"While I was showing Lady —— my sketch-book, Prince Albert, the Queen, and the King of the Belgians came round, and Prince Albert introduced me. His Majesty was very kind and polite; said, 'I am astonished that you could draw anything on board of a trembling steamer!' thought well of the sketches, and said, 'It was a magnificent sight!' and so said Prince Albert. Our Queen looked on between them, but said nothing.

"... To-day I dine on board the

Resolution with the good Duke of Rutland. His Grace has been persuading me to go with him for a few days to Guernsey, sailing to-morrow night or Monday morning. I don't know what to do. To cultivate such a good man's friendship is worth a few days' longer absence from my dear ones, though I long to see you all most amazingly. . . .

"I am just going to dine with John Gibson Lockhart and his family. Addio." . .

The invitation to cruise on board the Resolution was accepted, and the brief diary kept by the artist during this trip tells of his being "so happy." Another day he writes of having "a sketch to take to Osborne House" on his return to Cowes, and hoping then to "find out about Germany." It appears, however, that nothing was yet decided about the royal visit when the Resolution returned to Cowes Roads at the end of July; and, anxious to be at his post at Addiscombe College when the term commenced on August 1st, John Schetky went home, to find to his mortification that no one but himself had dreamt of his leaving Cowes without Her Majesty's dismissal, and that the governor of the College (then General Sir

Ephraim Stannus) had kindly made arrangements for his duty to be taken until he should have received the royal commands. He imagined it to be too late to retrieve his mistake, but bitterly regretted not having at once returned to Cowes when he learned afterwards from Lord Adolphus FitzClarence that the Queen had asked for him, and that no one had been sufficiently acquainted with the circumstances of the case to explain to her Majesty the cause of his apparently abrupt departure —viz., an over-conscientious anxiety not to neglect the duty at Addiscombe for which he had himself found no substitute.

During a cruise with the Duke of Rutland in the summer of 1846, he writes as follows :—

"BREST, *Sunday, July* 19, 1846.

"After such a whirl of change of place and circumstance, it would be difficult for me to give you, as I could wish, anything like a journal; I hope, therefore, that it will be sufficient when I say that all and everything has been delightful—our voyaging charming, sometimes fine, sometimes bad weather; but in so good a ship as Resolution, we cared for nothing in the way of weather. We arrived

in this beautiful bay on Thursday last, and found the kindest friends in the family of Sir Anthony Perier, our British Consul. The good Duke, Lady A——, and I have been inmates in his house these last two days, and we sleep again here to-night. The Duke and Lady A—— went off to the yacht early this morning: I remained to breakfast; and we have just finished family church service. We have had grand company at dinner here every day — Count Ramond, and the General-in-Chief (Arnot), the Admiral-in-Chief (Le Blanc), &c., &c. There is to be a review to-day on the Duke's account; but here is his Grace, so I must stop.

"The review is over, and very splendid it was. I did *aide-de-camp* to his Grace! The band, in number forty-eight, is superb. The windows of this house were filled with ladies—gentlemen behind them. They are all just gone: my back aches with bowing, and my fingers tingle with the kind shaking of hands at their departure. We are invited to a grand party this evening at the Duchess de —— somebody! but the good Duke very properly refuses, honestly telling her that, it being *Sunday*, he cannot think of such a thing; so, after a quiet dinner, we shall go on board and sail by day-

light, or before it (for Guernsey). Sir Anthony Perier and I found out many friends that we knew mutually in different places, as he was long in Portugal, England, and Scotland, &c. Through all this bustle and variety of circumstance I can never forget my home treasures, and only regret that you could not all be with me to enjoy such a pleasurable change for a short while." Touching at Fowey, on the Cornish coast, during the same cruise, he writes of falling in with "Captain Kennedy, an old friend of mine, who, I find, is married to another *very* old friend of mine—the daughter of Sir Charles Paget. A dear little thing she was when I used to dance her on my foot at Fair Oak Lodge, about a hundred years ago!"

The latter part of that year and the beginning of the next were devoted to the execution of a large picture of the "Battle of La Hogue," in which, on the 19th May 1692, Admiral Russell utterly defeated the gallant Comte de Tourville, and destroyed half his fleet within sight of the French army.

This picture was painted with a view to the "competitive exhibition in Westminster Hall" in 1847, when the principal artists of the day sent in their designs for the decoration of the

(then) new Houses of Parliament; and my father worked at it early and late with an untiring patience and minuteness of detail peculiarly his own, and though much hindered by the short, dark, winter days, succeeded in the spring in "bringing up his leeway with a wet sail!" to use his own sailorly expression, and the picture was duly ready for exhibition. It received a good deal of private admiration, and some favourable notices from the press; but the subject proved unattractive: and the artist himself observes, in writing to his eldest daughter (30th June 1847),—"*No marine man* has any chance! Had there been among the judges some admirals or other sailors, there might have been a small ray of hope; but all is for *figures* in historical pictures, forgetting that the safety and comfort of our firesides are attributable to the valour and indomitable courage of our naval heroes, who have ever kept the war—ay, every war—from our shores." The Duke and Duchess of Bedford, however, who had seen the sketch for this picture during a visit to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle in the previous February, when my father was also staying there, were much interested in this record of the splendid victory of their gallant

ancestor; and towards the close of the same year his Grace purchased the picture, and added it to the fine collection on the walls of Woburn Abbey. John Schetky's satisfaction at this transaction was hardly greater than that with which he recognised at Endsleigh Cottage, when spending a day there in company with the Duke of Rutland a few months earlier, some drawings by his favourite brother Alexander. He writes: "Here I saw, to my delight, dear Alick's four splendid drawings which he painted for the late Duke—views in Portugal; most beautiful they certainly are, and reminded me of those happy, happy days when he was painting them with me. The Duchess was surprised to hear they were my brother's works, and has begged me to write their names under them, as they had never known what they represented."

In January 1848, John Schetky was again at Wimpole, and wrote with delight of having taken part in the festivities of the younger members of the family (to whom he was warmly attached), on Twelfth Night. He tells of "dinner at five for the children's sake—many toasts after dinner. His lordship was called out, his keepers having taken a poacher. In his

absence I rose and proposed his health, claiming the honour as his oldest friend present. He came back in the middle of my speech, but I pretended not to see him, and went on. It was drunk with acclamations, as you may suppose. He then rose, and, in the course of a beautiful speech, talked of your father in terms which I cannot repeat. After many toasts, and great cheering, the ladies left us. In all, we were twenty-seven at dinner; and though nothing could surpass the brilliancy of the table, yet, to my mind, those who surrounded it far exceeded its splendour—dear, delightful, young, beautiful, and smiling faces!"

Six months later he writes* from

"RESOLUTION YACHT, TROON HARBOUR, AYRSHIRE, 21*st June* 1848.

. . . . . .

"So ye see I left home on the 15th, and got to Lord Nugent's at his pretty place called Lillies, near Aylesbury, his carriage being in waiting for me at the station on my arrival. Well, we had a very agreeable dinner-party of four, and a pleasant evening. Next day, in the afternoon, I proceeded by rail to Liverpool,

* To his second daughter, then absent from home.

and joined the dear Duke, Lord John Manners, and Lord Forrester; and, after seeing sights, sailed next day—and, though with little wind, got to Douglas harbour, Isle of Man, on the same night. Next morning after breakfast we drove across the island to Peel, and there saw a splendid very old castle (A.D. 1100), famous in history and in 'Peveril of the Peak,' of which I made a sketch, and it forms a noble feature in my illustrations of our cruise. Next morning we sailed—leaving what seemed to me and to all of us, a very happy community, all so contented and cheerful. Our course was for Belfast, which we reached on Sunday at one o'clock; and when the yacht came to an anchor we had full service in the great cabin, very nice and quiet. Belfast is a thriving, bustling town, and rather handsome withal: but I must stop, as it gets too dark for my old eyes. Ha! here come the candles, so now for a little more scribbling. The bay or loch of Belfast is most beautiful, nearly ten miles in from the sea—Carrickfergus on the north side and Bangor on the south near the mouth of the pretty bay—the mountains on either hand very grand. Well, yesterday we tripped our anchor and got under way at two in the morning. Up rose the sun

in great beauty, and the day was lovely; but not a breath of wind all day and all night, when it continued thick, *thick* fog, so that we were twenty-four hours making twenty-five miles! After breakfast, however, this morning we got a small breeze which brought us in here at one o'clock. But I must tell you that as soon as the good people of this place made us out at sea, and saw that we were running for this harbour, all the ships dressed themselves with flags, and as we entered the harbour off went countless guns! there was no end to firing cannon! How flattering to the dear, good Duke, and how glad I was to see it!

"After dinner Lord Forrester left us for London, and we got a carriage and drove to the country-seat of the Duke of Portland, two miles off (all this town and harbour were built and made by his Grace). And now we are going to bed—for I was up at four this morning, sketching Ailsa Craig.

"*24th June.*—Leaving Troon by train on Thursday we got to Glasgow; there I left the Duke and Lord John to see sights. The sights I wanted to see were in Edinburgh—I mean your auntie and a still remaining few valued friends; so I arrived there by 4 P.M., and aston-

ished my sister and all hands, dined with Nasmyth, slept at Sir William Allan's, called on Maclagan, returned to Glasgow last night, and came here to Greenock to dinner—the yacht having come round from Troon to meet us in the Clyde. To-morrow we keep quiet and go to church, and on Monday start for Londonderry, going through the Kyles of Bute to Campbeltown, and then Isle of Skye.

"*Sunday.*—A nice congregation at the English Church: and now we are on board again; the day so beautiful, and calm—so calm! and all so very quiet both on board and ashore; in fact, so like a Sunday—as it ever was in Scotland, and as it ever ought to be everywhere else.—Your affectionate father,

"J. C. SCHETKY."

The calm weather which had baffled the good Resolution in the early part of her voyage did not long continue; and John Schetky writes a week later to his youngest daughter:—

"RESOLUTION YACHT,
Off Port Askeg, Sound of Islay,
1st July 1848.

. . . . . .

"We sailed from Campbeltown, and passed the Mull of Kintyre, that terror and horror of

all sailors; but as the day was fine we had nothing to fear, though it is certainly an awfully grand headland—the rocky cliffs being about six hundred feet high, and the whole Atlantic tumbling in with such a swell and roar! A nice steady breeze brought us to this place at half-past 5 P.M.; but we were obliged to go out to sea again for the night, on account of a rushing, fearful tide. We got in again, though, this morning at grey dawn, and blowing *great guns*—enough to blow the horns off a bull! I was upon deck and enjoyed the grand sight, but it was very cold."

I do not purpose, however, to insert the journal of this interesting cruise, as it has been already related by the graceful pen of Lord John Manners, in a work entitled 'A Cruise in Scotch Waters,' published in the year 1850 by Mr Maclean of the Haymarket, which was illustrated by engravings from the sketches taken by my father on board the Resolution.

Towards the end of the expedition he began to be anxious lest contrary winds should prevent his reaching home in time to be in his study-room at Addiscombe on the first Wednesday in August. However, on July 29th he writes as follows :—

"Hurrah! hurrah! Leith Roads, 11 P.M., Saturday night—isn't this charming? I shall at all events be in London in time for some Croydon train on Tuesday. . . . And having with Lord John drunk (in whisky-toddy) 'Sweethearts and Wives,' it being 'Saturday night at Sea,' I have only to thank our good God for all His mercies. We have finished our cruise at the end of the week and the end of the month—and where? At my own native town! Bravo!

"How can we sufficiently acknowledge our obligations, and admiration of that Great Being, who, at one command, summoned into existence the glorious creation which we have been seeing around us, and amidst the splendour and beauties of which we have been permitted by Him to have our being! To Him let all praise and honour due be offered—not in words of breath, but deep, deep in the bottom of the heart. Amen.

"But it is twelve o'clock, and all and everybody is asleep, and the ship too; for after nine this morning, as if because the good Duke had made up his mind to go on, up came (from a calm) a beautiful breeze quite fair—which became stronger and stronger, and made us begin,

by looks and dumb show, to be anxious to see the light upon the Isle of May at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. At last the sight of that beaming light gladdened our eyes; and just as it came on to blow great guns, we rounded Fife Ness and ran up here—the Duke, Lord John, and I crouching under the weather bulwarks to view the grand turmoil of winds and waves, while our good ship danced over the seas. Well done, good old Resolution!

"My candle is going out—can't see to read over."

The following Christmas found him with the Duke of Rutland at Stanton Woodhouse, his first visit to that lovely spot, where he describes their attending "the little church at Rowsby," and after lunch taking "a walk among the rocky mountainous wood, of about four or five miles, most romantic; and on our return down the slopes, stumping along sturdily, we both thanked God who retained to us the health and power at our age to perform such a ramble, or rather scramble."

That John Schetky kept up his rhyming powers though seventy summers had passed over his head, is shown by the following lines addressed to his wife on their twenty-first wedding day, in April 1849:—

"Although the season's well nigh over,
When folks require a good warm cover—
All nature smiling, bright and gay,
As Sol rolls on his ardent way;
Reviving insects upward spring,
Exulting on ethereal wing;
On many a tree the blossoms bright
Burst from their wintry cells to light;
And butterflies in heavenly dress
With flickering flight their joy express;
Nor are the mavis and the merle
To be forgot with their rich carol;
And every glen and grove are ringing
Responsive to each warbler's singing;
While in the pool or glittering stream
The finny race tumultuous swim;
And all in gratitude acknowledge,
Man, beast, fish, fowl, and verdant foliage,
God's blessing on this cheerful season,—
I wish, then, I could give a reason
Why, when released from winter's thrall,
I should present my wife—a shawl!
But women and the winds are various,
And catching cold always precarious!
So let me do my duty now
Lest the east wind comes on to blow;
For (as I promised at the altar
To cherish her, and never falter)
I should not like (should it come freezing)
To see her coughing, choking, sneezing!
Therefore, my dear, accept my gift,
To shield you from some late snow-drift.
But should the sun's warm beams propitious
Proclaim me old ass—too officious!
Then simply fling away the shawl,
And in your love forget it all."

The following summer's cruise on board the Resolution brought him to the Cornish coast; and while she lay for a few days in Falmouth harbour he joined his family, who were then visiting their relations in the "old county." He thus writes the day after leaving them to rejoin his kind friends on board the yacht:—

"RESOLUTION, AT SEA, 11*th July* 1849.

" . . . How interesting has this day's sail been to me! The first thing I saw on coming upon deck which brought a long chain of remembrances of happy, happy days, was Bosahan in all its beauty. . . . Then came the Blackhead, Cadgewith, Landawednack, the Lizard—and didn't I look and look till Kynance came in view! And then, last and most interesting, Mullion Cove: there is the Gull Rock, the island, and that flag-staff where only yesterday I passed one of the happiest days of my life with all that I love best in this world in full glee and robust health, enjoying themselves round about me on the pure white sands! Adieu, ye happy shores! rough though ye be, the impression and keen recollection of many blissful days spent amongst your rugged and majestic caverns is stamped as deep upon my heart as

your own indentations and yawning chasms, never to be smoothed off the surface of my memory! Mullion is far behind us now, and there stands the Mount——but I can't go on. I have written my present feelings with my heart at my mouth, red eyes, and a great big lump in my throat—and I am not ashamed to confess it. I must now go upon deck and sketch the Land's End. 1.30. — We have cleared the Land's End, and yonder is the Longships lighthouse, and the first and last house, and close to us (which we have also passed) is the dreaded Wolf Rock, and we expect to see the islands of Scilly in an hour."

Many of my readers will recall the terrible outbreak of cholera in the autumn of 1849. The town of Croydon had its full share of the visitation, and among those who, though for a time dangerously ill, afterwards recovered, was John Schetky. As his medical adviser said of him long afterwards, "His constitution was ten years younger than his age;" and he shook off the attack, severe as it was, with a vigour which astonished those about him. He wrote of its effects some weeks afterwards: "As for me, I am quite myself again, all but my strength. I cannot walk so fast and so far as before my

illness, but I hope that will return to me; and, if not, I am quite thankful for so long and healthy a life as I have enjoyed."

In the January of 1850 he met the Countess Rossi (Mme. Sontag) and her husband at Belvoir Castle, and was much delighted with her. He describes her as "a charming *natural* person, very pretty and most agreeable;" and adds —"In the evening I was made to sing the everlasting 'Bacco-Box,' with which she was a good deal affected! then 'Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies!'" Two days later he writes: "What will you all say when I tell you that I have had the honour of singing duets with the great Sontag! and she honoured me with sweet smiles and clapping her hands while she said, 'Bravo! bravo!' This was after we had finished singing 'Crudel perche finora.' She had never heard 'Qual anelante,' * and she liked it very much—it went capitally. I suppose we shall have them all over again this evening, as the Duke and many others were not present."

The allusion to the two songs mentioned in the first of these extracts reminds me that I must not pass over altogether in silence the

* Marcello's Forty-second Psalm.

sailor songs, for the singing of which my father was noted amongst his friends. Those who have heard them will hardly need to be reminded of the touching pathos or racy humour with which they were rendered—the graphic action, and skilful interpolation of orders or colloquy in true nautical terms, only appreciable to naval ears. "Black-eyed Susan" was a great favourite; but he was wont to be so much affected by the beauty of the words that he generally ended it with tears in his voice, realising vividly the parting between William and his "lovely dear." Of the quainter ones, that commemorating the disastrous return of the fleet commanded by Admiral Sir Edward Russell from the Baltic, and commencing—

"'Twas on November the second day,"

was peculiarly his own. So great a favourite was it with him, that, during the early years of his residence at Croydon, he painted a large picture of its subject for his own amusement;*

* This picture is still in our possession. The sky has been considered heavy, which may be accounted for by the fact that one day, having failed to produce a sufficiently striking effect to satisfy himself, with the colours which he had at hand, he suddenly picked up a piece of coal from the coal-box in his studio, ground it down, and deepened his clouds with this improvised paint.

and used to say that when engaged upon it he was "roaring and singing the old song all the time," and naming the ships as he put them in. Most of his friends, however, preferred to this song the clever ballad written in honour of H.M. brig Nimrod, 18 guns, by one of her midshipmen—Mr Wilson—with the words of which I will conclude this chapter :—

"'Tis of the trim sea-boat that weathers the gale,
And scuds her nine knots under double-reefed sail;
Well manned, well commanded, her officers brave,
Prime seamen her crew, as e'er dashed through the wave.
Derry down, derry day, hi derry down, derry down,
derry day!

The famed Captain Nimrod gave name to the bark;
And when Admiral Noah paid off the old Ark,
Was first on the list for promotion I sing,
But they hadn't a fleet—so they made him a King!
Derry down, &c.

King Nimrod held sway over man and o'er beast,
His empire extended north, west, south, and east;
Though his Council were few and his Cabinet small,
A Parliament never once plagued him at all!
Derry down, &c.

His *club* was Lord Chancellor, *club-law* was his word!
An excellent Chief Justice his trusty broadsword;
His *bow*, when well bent, was his Justice of Peace,
And his arrows were excellent *Bow Street* police!
Derry down, &c.

Then so snug and asleep in his forest of oak
He lay, till one morn of a sudden awoke;
'Twas a spirit that hailed him: Up! Nimrod ahoy!
Here's orders to strike your broad pennant, my boy!
Derry down, &c.

Here's orders come down that your cruising must stop,
Your body be hauled into dock and broke up;
So clear your accounts without further delay,
For your soul for the present must go on half-pay!
Derry down, &c.

But since, in commission, your conduct's been good;
You've been just to your men as an officer should;
Though blackguards you've started, and scoundrels you'd flog,
You ne'er stopped their allowance nor watered their grog;
Derry down, &c.

Then a sprig from the chaplet that waves round your brow
In some three thousand years a vast forest shall grow,
And be worked up in England, where the oak never droops,
Into three-deckers, two-deckers, frigates, and sloops!
Derry down, derry day, hi derry down, derry down, derry day!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE January of 1853 brought John Schetky once more into the midst of his kind friends at Wimpole, where he writes of meeting "my old friend at Hamburg, Count Billi and his Countess, my old friend and pupil the Earl of Colchester, Sir John Pakington (who renewed his old acquaintance with me very cordially)," &c.

He was present at the naval review in the same year, on board the Resolution yacht; and afterwards received a kind note from her noble owner, from which I venture to quote the following sentence :—

"Yesterday I went on shore in the evening at Cowes, and met Adolphus FitzClarence. The Queen asked him with seeming eagerness during the great review on Thursday, while the royal yacht was pacing it along, 'Where Schetky was?' and 'Did he think he was

present to take a view of that magnificent spectacle? She hoped he was, for then she knew the spectacle would be well recorded.' I cannot help giving you this little bit of intelligence."

A few months later this kind friend wrote to condole with him on what was to an artist a truly great loss—that of the sketch-book containing all the sketches of the summer's cruise finished for his Grace, and all those which he had taken during the naval review. He was about to forward the book to the Duke, but retained it for a few days in order to take it to London to show the drawings to some lady-pupils there, and in his way back to the station he left the book in an omnibus. Discovering his loss before starting for Croydon, however, he remained in London till late at night, going back to the omnibus office, &c., and next day again made personal inquiry at the different police stations, besides advertising; but nothing could be heard of the missing book; and after many days of suspense and anxiety John Schetky sorrowfully resigned himself to its loss. His eldest daughter wrote of his "bearing the anxiety and annoyance so beautifully, better than we do for him;" and when he had

at length given up all hope of its recovery, he set himself patiently to reproduce the sketches it had contained *from memory*; and in the following spring forwarded to the Duke of Rutland a book containing the series of drawings complete. In acknowledging it his Grace says: "I could not believe that memory would have enabled you to bring out anything so perfect. I may say of the sketch of the 'Paternosters,' *Infandum jubes renovare dolorem!* The Spithead review is perfect!"

Some twelve years later the original book was restored to its owner through the instrumentality of a brother artist, though some mystery has always attached to its fate during the interval. The joy of its recovery was somewhat marred by the discovery that the greater part of the finished sketches had been cut out of it; but two very beautiful ones of the naval review remained to be welcomed as old friends.

It was not likely that the British fleet should set sail for the Baltic in 1854, without a last look from its devoted admirer, John Christian Schetky; and accordingly, he must needs run down to Deal for two days to meet the great flotilla in the Downs. Thence he writes:—

"DEAL, *12th March* 1854.

"Nothing could be more successful than my journey and view of the arriving grand fleet at this anchorage.

"'All in the Downs the fleet lies moored.'

"I got here not until twelve o'clock,—hundreds looking out for the fleet from Portsmouth,—but up to 3 P.M. not a ship came in sight. However, on my return from church, a gentleman said, in passing me, 'Three in sight, sir, coming down;' and by the time I got to the beach there were four, and in they all came, in majestic succession!—most interesting and imposing—the Duke of Wellington leading. It was 6 P.M. before they were all anchored.

. . . . . .

"I shall go on board the Jean d'Acre to breakfast with Harry Keppel* to-morrow morning, and visit also Sir Charles Napier, Captain Watson, &c., &c."

In another letter he speaks of meeting "two old friends, Captain Charlewood and Captain Hawkins, my *quondam* pupils at the Royal Naval College. Haven't seen these kind men for thirty years; they were then boys.

". . . I thought nothing could have been

* Admiral Sir Henry Keppel, K.C.B., a former pupil.

grander than seeing the *arrival* of the fleet; but its *departure* yesterday at a quarter to 3 P.M. was superb! I made a sketch of it from the drawing-room window in Walmer Castle. Charlie Napier's ship (Duke of Wellington) was the last to move,—driving all his sheep before him; and then he turned himself round most majestically, with his face to the north, and away he went!"

In the summer, writing from "Resolution Yacht, Portsmouth Harbour," he says: "I went to church on board of the old Victory, which was to me exceedingly interesting. The Victory! full of great guns and every munition of war; the Victory! which had on so many occasions played her part so well in battle, and shed such destruction all around as a man-of-war; I say, to see the deck of the Victory so perfectly fitted up for church service, and that service so well performed,—all these thoughts, together with the lively interest I have always taken in *Nelson's ship*, on board of which I went and came so happily for nine years, filled my mind during divine service with feelings of profound respect and awe."*

* During his residence at Portsmouth my father was an honorary member of the Victory's mess.

The summer of the year 1855 was an eventful period to John Schetky and his family, for it witnessed his retirement from the post of Senior Professor of Civil Drawing at Addiscombe College, where he had held office for eighteen years. This step was one which he took with very mingled feelings of regret and relief; for, in spite of his seventy-seven years, his love for young people, and his interest in their pursuits, was still deep and strong, and his warm heart had attached itself to the scene and to the companions of his labours during so long a time.

But the wear and tear of a lifetime of active service was now beginning to tell on his nerves and spirits, and although of him it might truly be said—

"L'inverno sulla testa, ma la primavera nel cor!"

he felt that his friends were right in urging his withdrawal from public life; and accordingly, in June 1855, his application for a retiring pension was sent up to the Board of Directors of the East India House, by whom it was most kindly and liberally received; and who, in their official reply, expressed their concurrence "in the favourable opinion of his conduct as ex-

pressed by the Public Examiner and the Lieutenant-Governor." His own feelings on the subject are perhaps best expressed in a letter to the senior of his fellow-professors, the Rev. Jonathan Cape, his friendship with whom had commenced at Portsmouth, and whose death some years later was a sincere grief to him. The letter was written in July, from the Resolution yacht :—

"My dear Cape,—When last we parted at Croydon in June, I had no idea that I should be off the list of the College of Addiscombe in July. But so it is. Nor did I expect, when I made my application to retire, that it would have been so kindly and considerately met by the honourable Board of Directors as to award me a retiring allowance of two-thirds of my salary, even while I had not completed my twenty years' service.

"My determination was taken at the instigation of my family and many friends—not, however, without a strange unwillingness on my part to regain my liberty and be free from all College duties ; but I think it more natural than strange, for the long habit of a certain perpetual occupation has so grafted its duties upon my

constitution (if I may so say), that I fear the absence of my usual walk through life. Not that I shall be idle—for I can neither afford it, nor could I be happy in having nothing to do. And now, though last not least, my separation from so many dear and valued College friends! yourself, my dear Cape, at the top of my list in esteem and sincere regard. Can I ever forget the long series of years in which I have enjoyed your true and steadfast friendship, and the many happy days we have passed together? No, indeed!

"I would ask you to convey to all my brother officers at Addiscombe the assurance of my lasting affectionate regard and good wishes: the nervous feelings which have shaken my pen while addressing this to you plainly tell me that I cannot undertake to write individual letters, and therefore they must hold me excused. God bless you, my old friend!—Believe me yours most faithfully, J. C. SCHETKY."

He had kind and gratifying letters on the occasion from the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Frederic Abbott, and from Mr Philip Melvill, who again proved himself a wise and kind friend at the India House; and in writing to

acknowledge whose assistance, my father says: "I only hope and trust that your candidate has acquitted himself in the faithful performance of his duties to the satisfaction of his honourable employers; if so, his mind will be at rest, and ever retain a lively and thankful recollection of his obligations in the right quarter." His pupils at Addiscombe were truly sorry to part with "All Sepia," as they were wont familiarly to call him, in allusion to his *penchant* for sepia drawings; and he writes from Cowes of meeting "young Nairne the cadet here yesterday, yachting with a friend; and when I told him I had retired, he started back and uttered certain oh! oh! oh's! with a most expressive face of disappointment." In August he joined his family in Scotland, and recovered his spirits whilst showing his two younger daughters for the first time the scenes of his youthful days; and towards the close of the year Mr and Mrs Schetky took up their abode in London, having decided on no longer remaining so far from the centre of the artistic world. My father was not long in beginning to carry out his determination "not to be idle;" and the following year saw the execution of four small oil-pictures

for Sir George Broke Middleton, Bart., to replace four water-colour drawings which had faded (representing the action fought on June 1st, 1813, between the English and American frigates, Shannon and Chesapeake, when Sir Philip B. V. Broke was the hero of the occasion), and also of several drawings in water-colour—a style in which it has been thought by many of his artistic friends that his delicacy of touch and colouring enabled him to attain greater excellence than in oil-painting.

His labours were interrupted for a time, during a visit at Belvoir Castle in July 1856, by a somewhat serious carriage accident, in which, amongst other hurts, he injured the fore-finger of his left hand—to him a most valuable member, as he was left-handed, and always painted with his left hand instead of with his right. Two days after this misadventure he managed to write the following account of it to his wife :—

"*26th July* 1856.

"Here goes to tell you all about our affair of Thursday, which was very near being a serious matter; but after addressing the Throne

of grace and mercy for my escape, I may rejoice with grateful gladness that I am preserved a little longer among you all.

"I think that the cause of the good and quiet horse running away with us was, that he, being a fine large coach-horse of one of the Duke's carriages, put to Mr ——'s pretty *little* 'trap,' in going down the steep hill found the carriage rubbing against his heels and pushing him on, and so he set off. By my pulling strongly at the bridle on my side, it wheeled him off the road upon the grass, and into the ditch up to a tree, against which the carriage was dashed and stopped. My left hand was jammed between the tree and the iron work of the carriage, and that fairly fixed me for a few moments while —— got out, and then with all my power I got my forefinger free, and got out also. Some kind cottagers were quick in bringing a bucket of water and towels to wipe our faces, while a little girl was despatched to Melton for a doctor, who came, and soon plastered us up; and after waiting for a fly, for which an old man went to Melton, we came back to Belvoir, where we received every attention, congratulation, and sympathy from everybody. The good housekeeper and her

maids, and my kind Scotch footman, Kirk, have been unremitting in their affectionate solicitude and good offices for my comfort; and this, together with Doctors Parsons' and Kingston's skill, enables me to tell you that I am up and dressed, and writing in Dr Parsons' room. I am, as may be supposed, rather *stiffish*, but coming all right—so say the two doctors. My wounds, if they may be called so, are slight—a thump in the pole of my neck, the bruise on my cheek-bone near the right eye, and my left forefinger, with many scratches of no account; this is the whole amount of the accident. Oh, I forgot the bang on my breast-bone, but that's going." Next day he adds: "My forefinger (which was just as black as the back of your hand the other day when you spilt some ink upon it!) is now getting its usual colour and softness, nor will it be a stiff-jointed finger for the future, as was feared. Here is Dr Ferguson: he came late last night to see the good Duke, and came in just now with Parsons; and, after examining all round, said, 'All right, Parsons!' and I say, Thank God. Amen."

One would hardly expect to hear that three weeks after such an accident, a man of his age

would be paying his accustomed visit to Cowes, in order to be present at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, after which he contemplated a sketching trip to Gibraltar! Yet so it was; though the latter intention was not fulfilled.

The winter of 1856-57 was a very sorrowful one to John Schetky, for in the month of December his dearly-loved eldest daughter died, after being for only eleven months a wife; and but six weeks later, he lost the friend of his old age, to whom he had long been so truly attached, the Duke of Rutland. It was not easy to him to speak of anything which cut so deep as did these bereavements; but those who were most with him, knew well that since the death of his brother Alexander no trouble had fallen so heavily on him, and that the cheerfulness which he strove constantly to maintain was the result of an effort to cheer others, and to communicate to them the undoubting assurance that "all was right," from which he himself never wavered.

In the autumn of 1857, he went to Scotland to visit his friend Mr Napier, at Shandon on the Gare Loch, and then to join his former pupil, Captain W. A. Mackinnon (who was at home on leave from India), in Skye. A tour

amongst the fine scenery of that island afforded him great enjoyment, and he writes :—

"Away we sailed in Captain Willie's yacht for Coruisk. A beautiful day, but about twilight it came on to blow great guns, and we ran for shelter to the isle of Zoa near Coruisk, and next day got under way, and it being calm, we were all day in doing two miles! But the awful grandeur of entering the gorge of Coruisk by moonlight repaid all our restless anxiety to get there before sunset: anything so sublime I never saw—no use trying to describe, oh no! nor to paint it either. If we were dumfoundered at the sublime uncertainty of the scene and horror of the silent stillness of all around in the deep, deep little pool where we anchored, hemmed in on all sides, with not a sound but the rushing of countless mountain torrents—what was our admiration next morning to behold huge mountains, their tops kissing the skies—clouds flying past them far below—eagles soaring high aloft, screaming good-morrow to the sun! I was mute with wonder, till the cook came on deck to say breakfast was served! Who could think of breakfast at such a moment? However, the sharp air of the Skye climate made us confess that it was all

very good; and, these creature comforts imbibed, we went ashore and began our wanderings. Willie and I sketched, Captain M'Leod shot, awakening such roaring, extravagant echoes from the mountains as made me fear they would fall and crush us as 'flat as dough before 'tis bread!' A squally breeze (but fair) kindly brought us to Orbost at 6 P.M. on Thursday, and on Friday we drove back to dinner at Kingsburgh, in the laird's tandem. On Tuesday we leave this hospitable house for Kyleakin —a day or two there—and then for Armadale Castle—and then home. It is so difficult to get out of the hands of all these most kind Highlanders that I fear you will give me up for lost to you all. Oh no! for though by my expressions of so much happiness in this poetical and romantic island, you may think it not unlikely, yet let me assure you that—

'Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untrammelled fondly turns to thee,
Still to my treasure turns, *with love that cannot alter*,
And drags at each remove a lengthening *halter!*'

What do you think o' that?

"Having no more nonsense to say, let me conclude."

A week with Lord and Lady Macdonald at

Armadale Castle, and a few days amongst his friends in Edinburgh, closed this visit to the North—the most lasting results of which were two oil-pictures, the one a view of Shandon for Mr Napier, and the other a scene in Skye for Dr Ferguson. He also commenced one of Coruisk, but this was never finished, as he cherished a hope of revisiting the spot which had so charmed him, and there and then reproducing the wonderful colouring with which he had been so greatly impressed.

A year later he writes of meeting "my ever kind old friend and pupil, Lord Talbot (now Shrewsbury), on board the Cowes and Portsmouth steamer yesterday, and we had a long talk; most agreeable—and nothing will serve him but that I must go to Ingestre and visit him. His affectionate manner was altogether so cordial and friendly that I was truly very much pleased: and then my own Duke's kindness at parting!"

(He had been deeply touched and gratified at receiving as warm an invitation as in past years to go to Longshaw Lodge on leaving the Resolution.)

A few weeks after, he wrote as follows from Ingestre:—

"*11th September* 1858.

"Here I am all safe and sound. Arrived at 6 P.M. yesterday to a most magnificent old house and a hearty welcome; found fourteen visitors, all so gay and joyous, Lord Chelmsford keeping the company in agonising fits of laughter at dinner and after. Lady Chelmsford recognised me, we having met at Portsmouth at Major Tinling's at the Government House. General Sir William Gomm and I also got very intimate, we both having been at Cartaxo in Portugal at the same time, and knew many mutual friends in the army. A Mrs W——, whose brother I used constantly to meet at Temple, sang charmingly, and her son (a P. and O. officer) and I got together immediately. He could not be made to believe but that I was an admiral. Then my bos'n's pipe was in such request, with sailor songs, &c., &c. . . .

"Lady Gomm has also made herself known to me, as she is a daughter of Lord Robert Kerr, and knows all our Cornish relations. What fun! My kind and noble host and I went down to the still-room, when the company went to their bedrooms, to have a cigar and a 'yarn,'—very interesting to me.

"*Sunday.*—Our drive yesterday was charm-

ing in all respects; a very fine day to begin with. The chase, called Cannock, is magnificent; the various country romantic to a degree. After miles of undulating heather hills we dived into a cross-road, and found ourselves embowered in interminable woods, with the river Trent now and then gliding and glittering by; and the unused road so deep-rutted and abominably bad that I expected any moment that the carriage, coachman, horses, and noble party—your father not the least of them (in stature), and on the coach-box—would have been upset, *souse*, clean into the mud and water of the perpetual ditches alongside which we passed. Then up a long, steep dell clothed in high heather and lofty ferns, which obscured from our view all but the heads and antlers of many wild stags; and now we came upon the high, high ground—a vast heath, flat as a bowling-green for miles and miles all round, with a straight road through the middle of it, which ultimately brought us down upon the village of Rugeley, where the murderer Palmer poisoned his victim Cook; and after that six miles on, a capital old mail-coach road brought us home.

"But, as I would not lose this post for any money, I must conclude."

In the spring of 1860, John Schetky began a large picture of Lord Rodney's action with the Comte de Grasse, the commission for which was given him by Mr John Penn, of The Cedars, Lee, in which he became greatly interested. It was a favourite subject with him—and he writes to his youngest daughter:—

"I am never seen from breakfast till lunch-time, and again from that till I can see no longer, being in my painting-room looking at the great battle of the 12th of April, while the contending fleets are coming in sight one by one from the point of my left-handed brush."

In the summer he was in Plymouth Sound, sketching, from the deck of the Resolution, the departure of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales for America. The drawing from this sketch was purchased by H.R.H. the late Prince Consort, who with generous kindness sent him twice the amount he had asked as its price. He afterwards accompanied the Duke of Rutland to Ireland, and back to Cowes to be present at the Regatta and Club Dinner of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and then proceeded to Scotland. Visits to Sir John Thorold, Bart., at Syston Park, and to his kind friends Lord and Lady Hardwicke at Wimpole, completed that year's

wanderings; and during his stay at the latter house, being pressed to relate all the many accidents which had befallen him in the course of his long life, he wrote down the following quaint list of misadventures :—

"MY BODILY ACCIDENTS FROM MY YOUTH.

1. Once all but drowned in a muddy pool*—swallowed lots of tadpoles.
2. More nearly drowned in a deep river;† but went to bathe the same afternoon in the sea, but soon ran out again, the cold salt-water not at all agreeing with the fresh.
3. Fell up against a fish-woman in the slippery street and sprained my ankle: both down—she scolding, I roaring with pain. Nine weeks in bed thereby.
4. Fell over the head of my horse (both of us down), on my way from Inverness to Perth.
5. Fractured my knee-pan by hitting it with my bat instead of the ball.
6. Run over by a carriage-brake; the wheel

* The "Nor' Loch," which occupied the space below Edinburgh Castle, now covered by the beautiful Princes Street Gardens.

† The Water of Leith.

across my legs, my hat among the horses' legs, therefore no protection from *it*.

7. Upset in a boat at Oxford during a gale.
8. Tumbled over a slack-rope in the dusk, and dislocated my collar-bone.
9. Broke the same collar-bone on board the Victory. Two months in bed for that.
10. Fell over another rope in the dark on board of the Resolution yacht, and hurt my knee-pan—the consequence, 'a kick in my gallop' for life.
11. Upset in an open carriage, myself under it, and the horse kicking all the time.
12. Run away with in a carriage going to Melton, by which I injured a joint of my fore-finger on the left hand, which obstructs my playing on the violoncello.
13. Fractured the small bone of the unfortunate right leg in getting on board the Resolution.*

* He had slipped on the gangway in going up the side from the boat, and being unable to extricate his foot, called to the men to haul him up, ladder and all. When safe on the deck, he said jokingly to the crew, "Oh, you stupid fellows! why wasn't there one of you that would help me?" and was greatly touched by the answer: "Oh, Mr Schetky, sir, don't talk like that! You know there isn't one of us that wouldn't lie down on the deck for you to walk over, sooner than you should be hurt."

14. Jumped through a window (unadvisedly) at Syston, and suffered much from loss of blood and two deep cuts on my head and face.

And that's all that I can remember for the present.

WIMPOLE, 1860."

CHAPTER VIII.

In the summer of 1861 my father took his last distant excursion to foreign shores in the form of a voyage to Lisbon, which he greatly enjoyed. The directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, to several of whom he was personally known, kindly gave him a passage on board their steamer the Alhambra, of which his nephew was one of the officers, and the fortnight's sail on "blue water" once more, was a great delight to him.

Amongst the passengers on board were the Comte de Paris and his brother Comte d'Eu, with whom he became pleasantly acquainted. He writes of being "up at five or six every morning, sketching everything along the picturesque shores of Spain and Portugal," and some of the drawings finished from this series of sketches were considered to be amongst

his best efforts in water-colours. His songs and stories were in great request on board, and he writes of having sung "at the proper time and place, scudding along the Spanish shore, the old song, 'Farewell and adieu to you Spanish ladies.'"

Later in the year, while staying with Mr Napier at Shandon, his sailor heart was again rejoiced by the arrival of the Channel Fleet off Greenock, under the command of his old friends, the late Admiral Sir Robert Smart and Admiral Erskine; and as Mr Napier entertained the officers with his wonted princely hospitality, my father had the opportunity of renewing some old acquaintances amongst them.

"My old pupil Captain Sotheby of the Conqueror recognised me at once and with a hearty shake of the hand. Captain Sherard Osborn said, 'Mr Schetky, I am glad to meet you at last! I know you so well throughout the service.' Another, Captain Mitford, said, 'My father got your drawing prize at the old college at Portsmouth.' All this is very nice, at the same time rather vain of the old man to repeat it—but you will take it as you like." The daughter who was with him during this visit, described it as a touching scene when

after dinner his health was warmly drunk by the assembled company, and on rising to return thanks, his white head still erect and his blue eye undimmed, he looked round on the distinguished throng around him in all their manly prime, and addressed them as "My children."

He had the further pleasure of meeting at this time another old and dear friend, his brother artist the late David Roberts, R.A., and the two veteran painters resumed their friendly intercourse of former years with mutual pleasure. It was during this stay at Shandon that Mr Napier requested my father to sit for his portrait to his nephew Mr John Napier, that he might add it to those of some other artist friends which hung in his gallery. This portrait he afterwards generously presented to Mrs Schetky and her daughters, to whom its truth and character have rendered it a most valuable possession.

Another specially characteristic and interesting portrait of him, in cabinet size, was painted some years later by his friend Sir Francis Grant, President of the Royal Academy, and presented by him to the Duke of Rutland. This picture was afterwards exhibited in the Royal Academy, and was very highly spoken

of in the various notices of the pictures of the year.

John Schetky's love of helping others had not dulled with advancing years, and in the winter of 1861 he was earnestly engaged in helping forward in various ways the cause of a poor *protégé* in London, and of another who was anxiously desirous of going to sea. The latter, after being established through his exertions in the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, wrote to him from time to time such heartfelt letters of affection and gratitude, as almost tempt me to insert one. Amongst the objects to be attained for the benefit of the other, was the election of one of his children to the Royal Caledonian Asylum; and for this end my father spared no time or trouble, putting forth all his powers of persuasion and graphic delineation of the necessities of the case, to induce his friends to support his candidate. During a visit to Belvoir Castle just before the election took place, he worked himself up into such a state of anxiety and eagerness as to the result, that he quite infected many of his kind friends there with his own enthusiasm. He writes: "On M.'s account I was mounting and ascending to and from my

room (103 steps) ever so often yesterday, communicating with kind Lady A——. In fact, I crawled up on my hands and toes for speed. But now, this very day, that's all over—and the boy's fate is sealed one way or other. I had many inquiries this morning if I knew the result. Well, you will be thinking I am longing for nine o'clock to-morrow morning when post comes in—indeed am I!"

"*Friday*, 11 A.M.— . . . When I opened your despatch I flourished it over my head, and cried out, 'M. at the head of the poll!' Dear Lord George jumped up and came round the breakfast-table, shook hands with me and wished me joy. (My eyes are rather watery—I must stop a bit, as my heart is at my mouth —ahem! I am better now.) I have just finished writing to the kind friends who have helped me, and thus ends the matter of M. Capital!"

During a visit to his son-in-law at Croydon in the following year, he was recognised and greeted by many humble friends of former years. After describing with much consternation the deplorable scene at Addiscombe, where the former college buildings were in process of demolition, he adds: "Old Clark, my *quondam*

barber, ran after me the other day; George, our flyman, did the same; also old 'Tarts'* did the same; and Dr C.'s coachman followed in the race. And many who seem to know me keep touching their hats as I go by; but I cannot remember *them*."

Meantime, his delight in his art, and in her sister, music, never flagged. At home, or when visiting, all the morning and afternoon were devoted to his easel; and the favourite amusement of the evening was a concert, or a private musical evening, when he would still take a part in the old glees and madrigals, and sing the quaint or pathetic ballads of his native land. At St James's Hall his tall white head became a familiar object; and it was his delight to find a seat near his friend, Mr Cipriani Potter, the late distinguished Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, and share with him his snuff-box, and his happiness in the noble works of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn.

On one occasion he took a fancy to attend the private rehearsal for a remarkably fine concert of the Philharmonic Society, at which Herr

* The pie-man alone permitted within the precincts by the Addiscombe authorities—a great character, and an institution much favoured by the cadets.

Lauterbach (who had brought a letter of introduction to him from Dresden) was to play. Accordingly, he proceeded alone to the Hanover Square Rooms, in happy confidence of obtaining admission, though well aware that he had no business there.

"Beg pardon, sir," cried a voice after him, as he entered the outer door and coolly made for the stair; and the porter pursued him and placed himself detainingly in the way.

"Sir?" said my father, inquiringly, regarding him with a mild and astonished expression.

"Beg pardon, sir, but no one's admitted during the re'earsal."

"I know where I'm going, my good fellow," was the response, with a condescending wave of the hand; and the man fell back abashed, repeating his "Beg pardon, sir," in altered tones, while the intruder passed on, to be welcomed with much amusement by Mr Potter and Lauterbach, and introduced to Joachim, who soon appreciated *his* appreciation of all he heard.

In March 1863, on the occasion of the landing of H.R.H. the Princess Alexandra of Denmark at Gravesend, previous to her union with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, John Schetky was present in his capacity of Marine Painter

in Ordinary to her Majesty the Queen, and sketched the scene from the deck of H.M.'s frigate Emerald, Captain Arthur Cochran. It was some time, however, before he was able to complete the large drawing which he made from this sketch, owing to a severe accident which befell him soon after; but in June it was finished, and in virtue of his official appointment, he ventured to solicit permission from the Prince of Wales to present to the Princess this memorial of her disembarkation. The numerous engagements which pressed upon the royal pair during that summer necessitated some delay before the promised inspection of the picture by the Princess could take place; but on Tuesday, 28th June, he had the honour of a personal interview with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House, in which he submitted his work for their approbation, and returned home quite touched, and full of gratitude for the considerate kindness of both to the veteran servant of their house. The picture remained in the possession of her Royal Highness; and that same evening its painter started for Southampton in hot haste to join his ever kind friend the Duke of Rutland on board the Resolution yacht, whence he wrote the following morning at 4.30 A.M.:

"Thank God for all His mercies! Here I am, safe and sound—and very hungry; but I can't in my heart awake Mr E. out of his bed yet; besides, the fire is not yet lighted, so I shall finish my letter, as the boat goes ashore this morning sooner than usual, for we get under way at eight o'clock. The Duke has no idea that I am now writing in the Resolution's cabin. Indeed, every soul is asleep except the watch upon deck, and that's two men. . . . When the Southampton steamer got to Cowes at 3 A.M., I got her boat to put me on board Resolution at once, to the astonishment of the mate, who, hearing me talking with the watch, came on deck half dressed and waved his night-cap in silence, and came to me with his naked feet, and whispered, "Glad to see you, Mr Schetky; we'll be all right now. You are in very good time."

But the excitement of the day, succeeded by the hurried night journey and long fast, were too much for even *his* eighty-five years, and when the Resolution put to sea, for the first time in his life he was sea-sick. Not for long, however; and the gratification of remembering the royal graciousness, and of reflecting that

he had not kept the Resolution waiting an hour longer than he could possibly help, fully compensated him for this discomfort, which, happily, left no permanent evil results.

Two months later he had another great pleasure, in a message from the Queen desiring him to paint her yacht the Fairy as companion to the drawing of the Victoria and Albert, which he had made for her Majesty in 1856. The command was conveyed through Captain Simpson, R.N., commander of the royal yacht, who called on the marine painter on board the Resolution, and took him on board the Victoria and Albert to be introduced to Prince Leiningen (then her captain), and to show him some of the drawings in pen-and-ink on which he was then principally engaged. These were retained for the Queen's inspection on board; and her Majesty was pleased to express much admiration of them, and to intimate a wish to purchase one representing the wreck of H.M.S. Orpheus on the Manakan bar, west coast of New Zealand, on the 7th of February 1863.

These pen-and-ink drawings became quite a *spécialité* of my father's in his later years. Having begun by dashing off hasty compositions, or

reminiscences of effects, which generally ended in being given away, he was requested by some of his friends to do the same sort of thing on commission, and he soon set himself to see how finished a drawing he could produce with no other materials than a good quill-pen and the nearest ink-bottle. By diluting some of the ink with water he produced various shades; and while the nib of his pen drew the outlines and rigging of his ships, the feather laid in the dark shadows and shaped clouds and waves. The effect thus produced proved very attractive; and for the seven years during which his eyesight still served him after he first began in the spring of '63 to work in this style, he was constantly employed on commissions for one and another. Two of the best—one representing the "Fighting Temeraire" entering Portsmouth harbour after the battle of Trafalgar, and the other Lord Rodney's Action on the 12th of April 1782—were exhibited in the Royal Academy, and are still, I am happy to say, in our possession, as specimens of a style peculiarly his own. He makes some mention of his work in pen-and-ink in the following letter to Admiral White:—

"KENT TERRACE, REGENT'S PARK,
January 12, 1865.

"MY DEAR ADMIRAL GEORGE,—My dear wife and I were delighted in the receipt of your most kind letter yesterday, as it gave such a comfortable report of your everlasting cheerful good spirits and contented state of mind; and as for your bronchital intruder and the botherations of your starboard flipper, never mind them! but *dip your brush and paint away*, and you will forget them all! I am painting like a young student, and in my studio I forget the world—and all my debts!—except some, on a long account of gratitude to kind friends, which I fear I shall never be able to repay. But I must bring up here, all standing—for, hark! there goes eight bells, and it is now *to-morrow!* And also my glim is burned down to the water-line, so for the present (and always) God bless you.

"*Friday, 13th.*— . . . I am going on my usual visit at this season of the year to my ever most kind friend his Grace the Duke of Rutland next week, and trust the pure fresh air of splendid Belvoir Castle will banish this blackguard bronchitis out of my mind as well as out of my lungs!

"For the last eighteen months I have been continually engaged painting in pen-and-ink only! It is a dodge of my own discovery, and has had a constant run to the number of a hundred or more. . . .

"Now you must be content with this or I shall lose the post, and that would be a pity.—I remain, my dear Admiral, yours most affectionately, J. C. SCHETKY,

("in my eighty-seventh year!")

In the spring of 1866 my father was at Belvoir Castle during the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Duke of Rutland, and wrote as usual most lively accounts of the royal visit, even describing the dress of the Princess at the ball, which had pleased his artistic eye. Referring to his share in the notice of the royal guests, he says: "To express my feelings at the amiable and most kind condescension of the Prince and Princess of Wales towards my humble self, is beyond my power. Her Royal Highness requested Lord John Manners to introduce me to her; and she saw my sketches and was pleased to be complimentary in her expressions, and begged Lady A—— would convey

her request to have two pen-and-ink pictures —one of 'Belvóïr Castle,' the other of the 'Action between the Danes and the Austrians and Prussians.' It was yesterday when her Royal Highness saw the sketches; and just now the Prince asked our Duke 'to introduce him to Mr Schetky.' He came, shook hands, and looked at the pictures, and talked most agreeably. (Before this, when the royal pair came in to lunch, the Princess came up to me and talked about drawing with ink, &c). When the moment of departure arrived, the two royal guests went round to shake hands with everybody, and I, in turn, had the honour of pressing the delicate hand of the Princess, with 'God bless your Royal Highness!' She smiled and bowed: next a hearty shake of the Prince's hand, and off they went, escorted as on their arrival by cavalry and the volunteers. . . .

"I was happy enough to make an agreeable acquaintance with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort and the Duke of Sutherland. His Grace gave me a commission for a picture, and kindly said I might go at any time to see his picture-gallery. . . .

"I plucked these few violets at the same plants where her Royal Highness was doing the same

in the gardens—how romantic! You will say. I am in my dotage!

"Need I say much love?

"J. C. SCHETKY."

The latter part of this year and the beginning of the following were fully occupied with the bringing out of a large work, consisting of photographs from twenty of his pictures and drawings, selected with the view of affording examples of the naval architecture of Great Britain during the period when her "wooden walls" achieved their noblest triumphs.

This undertaking (the business details of which proved to him a very arduous task) had been repeatedly pressed upon him by many of his friends and patrons, who urged that such a work must form a valuable memento of the gallant vessels which have ever played so important a part in the history of the English nation, but whose era seemed even then well-nigh at its close; and who held that no other living artist could attempt such a work with as large probabilities of success as he who, with a memory reaching back almost to the year in which the Royal George sank at Spithead, could draw upon the original studies of seventy

years of labour in this special region of art. Of much of the fret and anxiety of mind incident to the preliminary arrangements, he was relieved by the cordial co-operation volunteered by two long-tried and attached friends—his cousin by marriage, Mr Sampson Sandys, and his former pupil the late Rear-Admiral A. H. Becher. When once the aged artist had been persuaded to undertake this task, those who had urged him to it supported him with a cordial kindness which he never forgot, placing those of his works which were in their possession at the disposal of his photographer, and spreading the fame of the forthcoming volume amongst their friends and acquaintance. The collection included the oil-pictures before referred to of the battle of La Hogue, and the sinking of the Royal George, and also of the action between H.M. frigate Active and the French frigate Pomone (which was kindly lent by Admiral Sir James Gordon, G.C.B., who commanded the Active at the time). The Princess of Wales graciously consented to lend one of the two drawings executed for her in pen-and-ink; and the Duke of Rutland, with his usual kindness, allowed my father to choose from among

the water-colour drawings in his possession. It was a cherished wish of the veteran marine painter to be allowed to dedicate his book to the Royal Mistress for whom he entertained so loyal and chivalrous a devotion; and on this request being preferred to her Majesty, she at once accorded the desired permission in the most kind and considerate terms.

The publication of the work was intrusted to Messrs Cundal and Fleming of Bond Street, by whom it was brought out, under the title of 'The Veterans of the Sea,' in July 1867; but at that time the painter of those veterans was struggling with a weight of grief, from which those about him feared his white head might never raise itself again; and it was as a fresh pang when he received the first copy of the completed work which he might never show to her who had been the partner of all his interests, whether great or small, throughout a married life of forty years. But his strong, simple faith never faltered. "It is all right," he said through his tears, in those first days after the sudden blow had fallen. "If she had been taken away while my girls were little ones, what could I have done for them?

Thank God for all His mercies!" Yet though the old song of grateful trust could be sung in the dark as well as in the light, the minor chords thrilled through it for long, and it was months before he could bear to return to the home which had lost its warmth and sweetness. Kind hands were stretched out to him on all sides. At Sydney Lodge, at Longshaw, at Croydon and Enfield,* he was made welcome during that sorrowful time, and found the warm sympathy and gradual soothing and diversion of mind which were needed to restore his health and spirits to their wonted tone; but perhaps the first thing that roused him to real pleasure was the assurance of the Queen's satisfaction with the 'Veterans of the Sea,' which reached him (through the medium of a letter from General Sir Charles Grey) while he was staying at Belvoir Castle in February 1868, and was accompanied by an intimation that her Majesty had desired that a silver medal should be presented to him in recognition of his long services to the Royal House.

* The Rev. W. D. Maclagan (son of his old Edinburgh friend), now vicar of Kensington, was then curate in charge of the parish of Enfield.

In the following year he took his last journey to Scotland to visit his sister,* sleeping at York *en route;* and next morning his daughter, having gone to the Minster, leaving him at his late breakfast, was surprised to see him steal quietly in soon after, having made his way alone through the strange streets to enjoy once more the beauty of a cathedral service. He said afterwards that the music seemed to come to him from high up among the arches, as if little angels were singing there; and his face of rapt delight, as he listened, bore out his description. The visit to Scotland was a very happy one: there were still friends to welcome him at Edinburgh and Leith, and his pencil found pleasant occupation from the windows and garden of his lodging at Wemyss Bay. But the journey was too long and fatiguing to be repeated; and the next two summers found him again in his old haunts at Southampton and Southsea, where, in 1870, he drew the last two pen-and-ink drawings which his failing eyesight allowed him to execute,—one, of shipping off the island of Malta, for Mr Cecil Drummond—and the other, of the Rock of Gibraltar, which is

* While this sheet was passing through the press, his sister Mary died at Edinburgh, having just entered her 91st year.

still in our possession. In January 1871 he dictated the following letter to Admiral White :—

"The sight of your writing after so long a silence delighted me beyond expression, and the report of your welfare and happiness was charming. But oh that I had power to use my pen to answer yours! what a pleasure it would be! However, I must be content at my time of life (ninety-two), and be *thankful* to be, in good spirits, among my friends, though I have not the sight to take in hand my painting-brush, as you have the delight to do. It was my misfortune that about four or five months ago a sudden dimness came over my eyes which hindered my power of both reading and writing; however, I still hope for the return of my sight by the attention of my kind doctor. . . .

"I spent some weeks out of town last autumn with my daughters; first among my old yachting friends at Southampton and Cowes, and then at Portsmouth, where I found my old and kind friend Sir James Hope established as Port-Admiral—and he was most kind to us, taking us to see the dockyard and all the new works, and inviting us to a dance on board the

Duke of Wellington, where I met I don't know how many *old boys*." . . .

"God bless you, my dear old friend,—and I remain always yours affectionately,

"J. C. SCHETKY."

That afternoon on board the flag-ship was a very interesting one to those who were with him, and who saw him seated on the poop of one of the old three-deckers he loved so well, the centre of a group of friends who had hardly expected to meet him again on the quarter-deck, and who greeted him with a hearty kindness that seemed to him a very pleasant echo of "the old, old time."

Nor was the brightness of this visit to Southsea the only gratification which he owed to the then Port-Admiral; for when the Royal Academy opened in the May of 1871, Sir James Hope became the purchaser of the picture which John Schetky exhibited there. It was an oil-picture, painted some years previously but not exhibited, and represented a gallant exploit of Admiral Sir Charles Paget, who, when in command of the Endymion frigate, rescued a French man-of-war from great peril on a lee shore, and afterwards extricated his own vessel

by a manœuvre of great dexterity. The subject had been commemorated in a picture by Pocock, executed at the time (1807); but the incident took great hold of my father's imagination, and he painted it more than once in various styles, never more successfully than in the picture purchased by Sir James Hope, and presented by him to the United Service Club, in the writing-room of which it now hangs.

There is little more to tell. A meeting of the Naval Scripture Readers' Society to which he went once more (accompanied by the friend and connection who had long been to him as a brother, and for whose unwearied affection and watchful care of him on many occasions his family can never be too grateful), and at which he was welcomed with acclamation by many old naval friends; visits at Belvoir Castle, and at Bath and Croydon, in the spring of 1872; quiet evenings in town at the houses of one or two intimate friends (amongst them one of the most loyal and affectionate of his former pupils), —these were some of the last occasions on which he was able to leave his own house.

In the summer of 1872, he was at a garden-party at Bute House, which he greatly enjoyed, and returned home particularly bright and well;

but that night, when going to rest, he tripped his foot in his room and fell heavily to the floor. No injury was apparent except some external bruises, and he recovered in a wonderfully short time both health and spirits; but the system probably sustained a shock the effects of which were never wholly dissipated; and the oppressive heat which set in shortly afterwards, and continued unbroken for a considerable length of time, tried his strength even more.

A few months later he had another fall, in which he broke one of his ribs; and though, to the surprise of every one, the bone reunited perfectly, and his health did not suffer from the necessary confinement to his bed, the accident left him more infirm, and he was obliged to give up walking as he had hitherto done from one room to another.

But the cheerful contentment of a lifetime did not desert him; and though the little fits of irascibility to which all his life he had been subject sometimes interrupted it, they were brief,* and often ended in jokes and laughter;

* A few years before, while staying at Sandbeck Park, he had been very angry at losing a letter from home, but wound up his vituperations of post-office officials by remarking, "The world is peopled with asses; and the best thing is a calm temper, and let the world wag, as the saying is."

and those about him look back on the year 1873 as a very happy one.

His pleasure in flowers, in sunshine, in music, in the sagacity and grace of animal life, in all that was fresh and bright, continued unchanged. A favourite cat which was his special plaything was hardly ever absent from him day or night, and when inclined to be restless and irritable he would often keep still rather than disturb the pet which had curled itself to sleep on his knee; while from the time that his chair was wheeled into the drawing-room in the morning until he retired for the night, the piano was often in request, and the familiar sonatas by his father, and the well-remembered Scotch songs (in which his voice, sweet and true, though weaker than of old, often joined), gave him constant pleasure. He liked to hear the Lessons of the Church read daily in his room; and when tired or uneasy, this practice was often successful in soothing him. Then there was the beloved old bos'n's whistle, which besides being used as a "call," was often pressed into the service as a musical instrument, and made to perform *pifferare* accompaniments to the piano or whimsical little tunes on its own account, which were as ingenious

as they were amusing, and often ended in the merriest laughter.

So the months went by, till the terrible fogs of January 1874 wrapt all London in their deadly mantle, creeping through every crevice, and defying the precautions which had hitherto proved successful against frost and wind. On the night of the 23d of January, John Christian Schetky was attacked by bronchitis, of so acute and virulent a nature, that when his doctor visited him a second time on the following day, it seemed as if his strength could not resist the disease for more than twenty-four hours. "If he were any other man, I should say twelve," said he who had so skilfully and tenderly dealt with him throughout the ailments of twenty years; "but with his constitution it will probably be twenty-four."

But even he was mistaken. On the morning of the 25th an *increase* of strength was perceptible; the wonderful constitution and brave trustful spirit made another vigorous struggle, and for three days he rallied steadily, and appeared to be "throwing off the attack with the strength of a young man," to the amazement of all about him. But then came the dread of subsequent exhaustion, and this proved

to be but too well founded. The force which could grapple successfully with the disease, yielded before the prostration which it left behind; and from early on the morning of the 28th, it became evident that the tide of life was ebbing away. Throughout this illness, owing to the difficulty of breathing, speech had been very laborious to him, but from time to time he talked a good deal,—words of childlike thankfulness for the past and trust for the future—of loving recognition of those about him—of quiet conviction that he should not recover, and untroubled anticipation of the new life which lay before him. "Oh, wonderful! I shall learn beautiful things," he murmured, on that Wednesday afternoon.

And when he could no longer speak much, he yet found voice to sing. Hour after hour through those last days, at his own wish, the hymns with which he was familiar were sung beside his bed, and from time to time the sweet tenor notes chimed in to support the melody, even through the restlessness of that night—though when the morning came, those who watched beside him saw that there would never again be night for him.

At five o'clock on the afternoon of Thursday

the 29th January 1874, the end came—quiet and untroubled. Then the look of power returned to the broad smooth brow, and serenity to the flexible lips; and one who came to look on him once more, said, "This is not peace—it is bliss!"

He was laid in the Paddington Cemetery, Willesden Lane, on the 5th of February; and amongst the little band of faithful hearts who assembled there, were representatives of very different spheres,—from him who so unwaveringly exemplified the beauty of the injunction, "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not"—to the poor cabman who had been accustomed to drive him as long as he was able to go out, and who now came with his simple signs of mourning to show his respect. The most distinguished member of the Art to which his life had been devoted, was there to do honour to his old friend; the Navy, which had been so dear to him, had also its worthy representative; and the long-ago friendships of the High School of Edinburgh found their personation in the son of one who had there been his chosen companion, who came from his busy parish in the south of London to read the calm, hopeful words of Christian burial above the

remains of him to whom he had been as a child of his own.

"Sowing seed for the resurrection!" said one, as we turned away; and the spring flowers which almost concealed the coffin said the same.

So he rests,—a name little known to fame, little spoken of in the outer world—but cherished still in many a heart that will readily apply to him the words—

> "But you have made the wiser choice—
> A life that moves to gracious ends
> Through troops of unrecording friends,
> A deedful life, a silent voice."

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